

Living Gems

FOR THE

Sunday School

BY

J. F. KINSEY AND S. CHANSON

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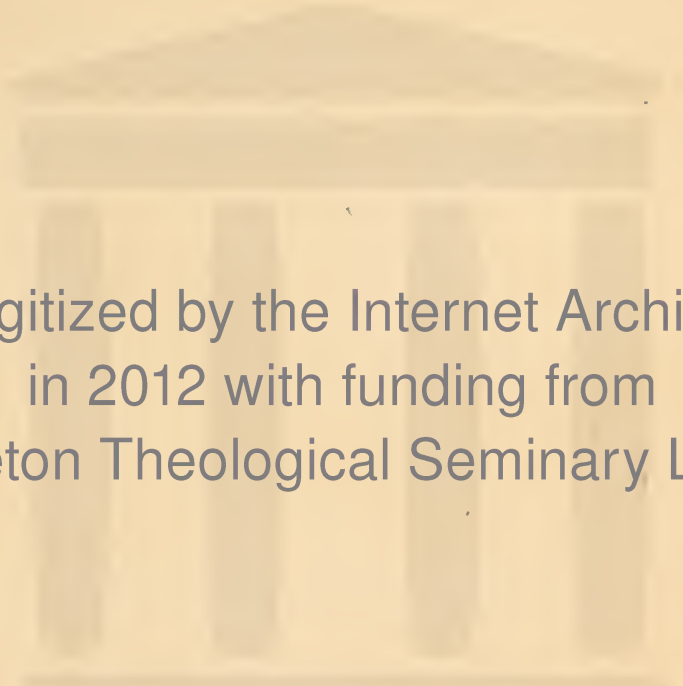
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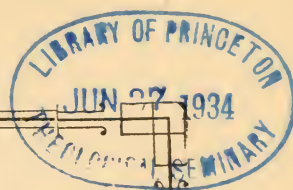
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LIVING GEMS
FOR THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL,
VARIOUS SERVICES OF THE CHURCH,
AND THE
HOME CIRCLE.

BY
J. F. KINSEY AND S. C. HANSON.

Published by **THE ECHO Music Publishing Co.,**

LA FAYETTE, IND.

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PREFACE.

Melody moves the world when language, eloquence, and grim war—all fail. He who appeals to the finer natures of mankind through the influences of melody, touches, convinces, and wins many a heart insensible to all other means of persuasion. How vast, how wonderful this power! And the world realizes that few stubborn hearts can resist it. Then why need anyone, whose soul is rightly attuned, refuse to aid in elevating his fellow-men by writing their songs?

We are not unconscious of the fact that the department of music in which we have here written is well occupied, but feeling that there is no danger of God's people devoting too much attention to true song, we venture this volume fresh from our hands without hesitation.

In sending forth *LIVING GEMS* as a candidate for public favor, we freely confess the delight it affords us. We have sought to write a book that would pre-eminently meet the wants of the Sunday School. Our prayer is that it may not only afford instruction and edification to those who sing as well as those who listen, but that hundreds of souls may be won to Christ through the religious fervor of its words and the inspiration of its melodies.

May the blessings of our beloved Master attend it on its mission.

The Authors.

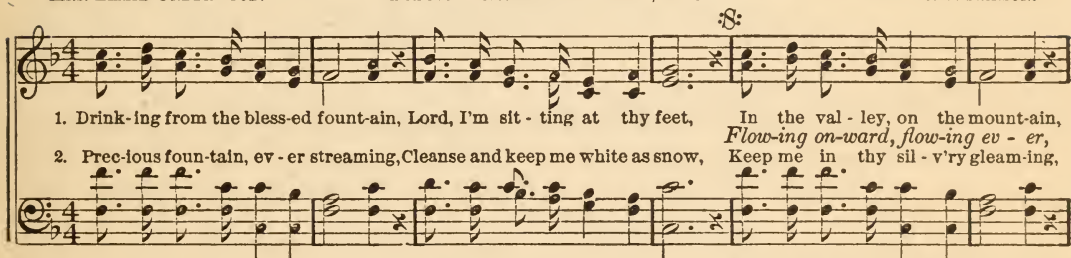
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LIVING GEMS.

THE FOUNTAIN.

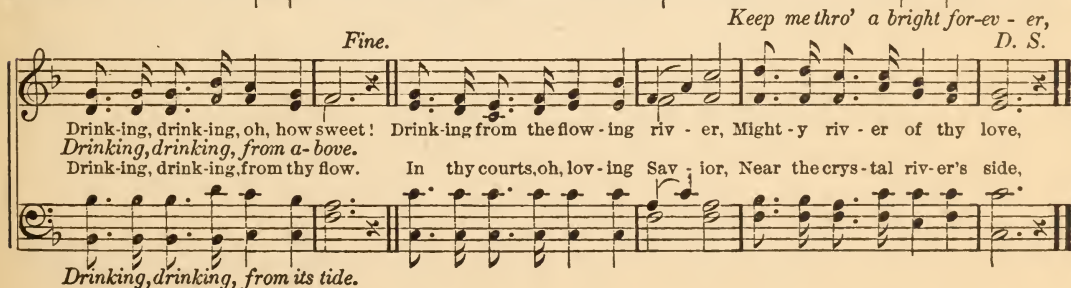
"There shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin
Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. and for uncleanness."—Zech., 13: 1.

S. C. HANSON.



1. Drink-ing from the bless-ed fount-ain, Lord, I'm sit-ting at thy feet, In the val-ley, on the mount-ain,
Flow-ing on-ward, flow-ing ev-er,
2. Prec-ious foun-tain, ev-er streaming, Cleanse and keep me white as snow, Keep me in thy sil-v'ry gleam-ing,

Fine. Keep me thro' a bright for-ev-er, D. S.



Drink-ing, drink-ing, oh, how sweet! Drink-ing from the flow-ing riv-er, Might-y riv-er of thy love,
Drinking, drinking, from a-bove.
Drink-ing, drink-ing, from thy flow. In thy courts, oh, lov-ing Sav-ior, Near the crys-tal riv-er's side,
Drinking, drinking, from its tide.

WHAT IS IT, LORD?

MRS. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me."—John, 12: 26.

J. F. KINSEY.

Andante.

1. What is it, Lord, that I can do, While here I wait on thee? My lit - tle all of
 2. My will I'd lose in thine, dear Lord, My life in thee I'd find, My com - fort in thy
 3. Thus trust - ing, Lord, in thee I mount, On wings of faith and love; I wea - ry not nor

strength re - new, Which thou hast giv'n to me. What is it Lord? oh, now im - part, Thy
 ho - ly word, On thee, oh, stay my mind. Stayed on thee, Lord, I now draw near Thy
 do I faint, My help is from a - bove. Now, Lord, I know thy gra - cious will, Thy

will con - cern - ing me; Re - veal un - to my wait - ing heart, What thou would'st have me be.
 right - eous will to know; Speak, Lord, and let thy ser - vant hear, What thou would'st have me do.
 will con - cern - ing me, To do that will, trust and be still; This will I do and be.


I KNOW NOT.

5

JOHN MCPHERSON. "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Math., 24: 42.


J. F. KINSEY.

Duet. Ad lib.

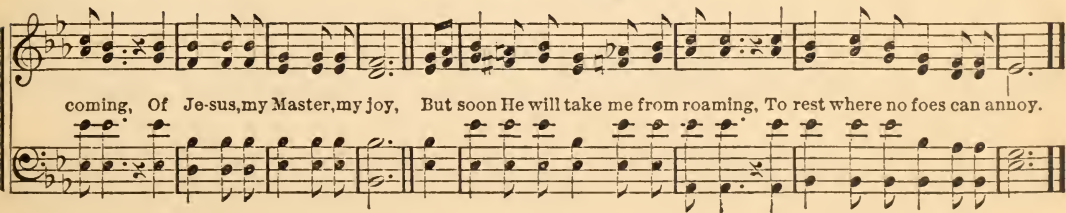


1. I know not how soon God will call me, To leave all these scenes here be - low; Here
 2. To - night the death an - gel may whisper, The sum - mons for me to come home, And
 3. I know not how soon I'll be sing - ing, Sweet songs with the ran - somed up there, For -

Chorus.



tri - als and trou - bles be - fall me, I care nothowsoon I may go. I'm glad that I know not the
 leave here a broth - er or sis - ter, My sud - den de - part - ure to mourn.
 ev - er the an - thems are ring - ing, O'er heav - en's dear landscape so fair.



coming, Of Je - sus, my Master, my joy, But soon He will take me from roaming, To rest where no foes can annoy.

COME HOME.

O. W. PENTZER.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev., 22: 17.

S. C. HANSON.

Andante.

1. Bow thine ear un - to the Lord, He is call - ing now to thee. Hear his kind and
 2. Oh, the pain and grief of sin! Oh its curse and blight and blast! No one ev - er
 3. Child, Earth's day will bring its night, Then the dark - 'ning gloom will come; But be - yond a
 4. What doth mat - ter though thy life Full of tri - al be and gloom; When at home thou'lt
 5. There the pur - est love doth burn; 'Tis our Fa - ther's household child. There the a - ges

gen - tle word, "Weary child, come home, come home." "Come home! Come home!" 'Tis thy Fath - er calls To His
 en - ters in, With its filth and wretch - ed - ness.
 glo - rious light Lies e - ter - nal round His home.
 cease the strife, Rest is sweet, come home, come home.
 fail and turn In - to mists, Oh, child, come home.

home so bright and dear; No shad - owe'er o'er its thresh - old falls, Nor is known a sigh or tear.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

7

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5: 12.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Wis-dom, hon-or, pow'r and blessing, To the Savior all belong, Teach us now thy love possessing, To ex-
 2. Bound-less in thy free for-give-ness, Pa-tient in thy gentle love, Let thy spir-it bear us wit-ness, We are
 3. When we meet with fierce temptation, Let thy mighty pow'r be show'n; As we bend in deep contrition, Bless us

Chorus.

alt thy praise in song. Praise we now..... the King and Sav - ior, Grace and love..... in thee a-
 seal'd by God a - bove.
 from thy ho - ly throne. Praise we now the King and Savior, Grace and love

bound;..... To us grant..... thy spec-ial fa - vor, Till like thee we shall be found.
 in thee a-bound; To us grant thy spec-ial fa-vor,

ONLY.

VINT. C. BATES.

1. On - ly a word for the Mas - ter, Lov - ing - ly, qui - et - ly said;
 2. On - ly a look of re - mon - strance, Sor - row - ful, gen - tle and deep;
 3. On - ly some act of de - vo - tion, Wil - ling - ly, joy - ful - ly done;
 4. On - ly an hour with the chil - dren, Pleas - ant - ly, cheer - ful - ly given;
 5. "On - ly," but Je - sus is look - ing, Con - stant - ly, ten - der - ly down

On - ly a word, Yet the Mas - ter heard, And some faint - ing hearts were fed.
 On - ly a look, Yet the strong man shook, And he went a - lone to weep.
 "Sure - ly 'twas naught," (So the proud world thought,) But their souls for Christ were won.
 Yet seed was sown, In that hour a - lone, Which would bring forth fruit for heaven.
 To earth, and sees Those who strive to please, And their love he loves to crown.

LANE.

S. C. HANSON.

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase; So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy refreshing grace.
 2. For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirsty soul doth pine; Oh, when shall I behold thy face, Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine.

CHILDREN, DO YOU KNOW?

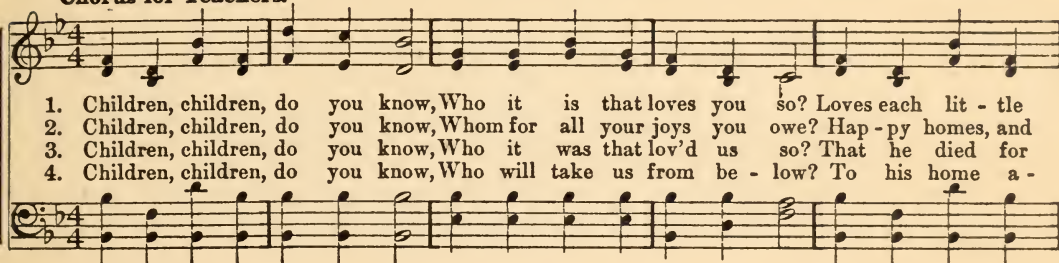
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"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them."—Mark, 10: 16.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

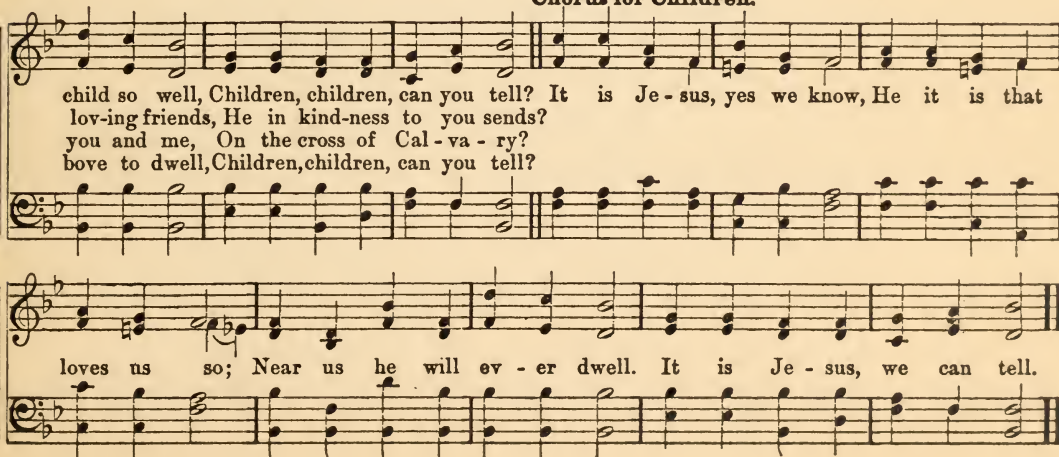
J. F. KINSEY.

Chorus for Teachers.



1. Children, children, do you know, Who it is that loves you so? Loves each lit - tle
2. Children, children, do you know, Whom for all your joys you owe? Hap - py homes, and
3. Children, children, do you know, Who it was that lov'd us so? That he died for
4. Children, children, do you know, Who will take us from be - low? To his home a -

Chorus for Children.



child so well, Children, children, can you tell? It is Je - sus, yes we know, He it is that
lov-ing friends, He in kind-ness to you sends?
you and me, On the cross of Cal - va - ry?
bove to dwell, Children, children, can you tell?

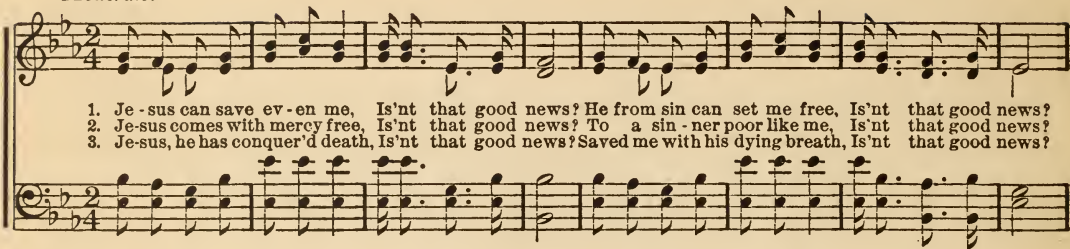
loves us so; Near us he will ev - er dwell. It is Je - sus, we can tell.

JESUS CAN SAVE EVEN ME.

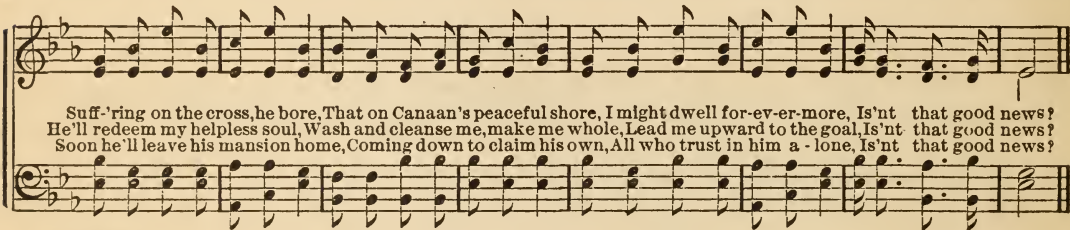
F. M. D.

"For He shall save the people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

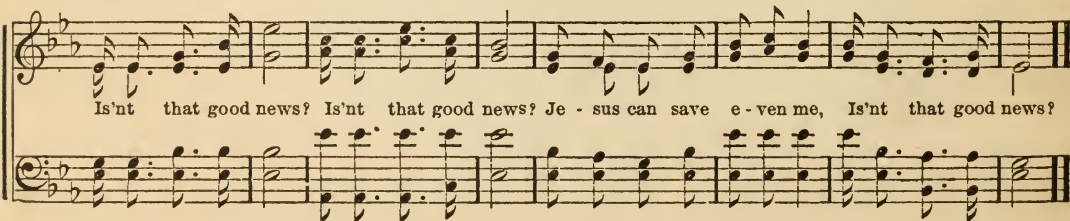
FRANK M. DAVIS.

Moderato.


1. Je - sus can save ev - en me, Is'n't that good news? He from sin can set me free, Is'n't that good news?
 2. Je - sus comes with mercy free, Is'n't that good news? To a sin - ner poor like me, Is'n't that good news?
 3. Je - sus, he has conquer'd death, Is'n't that good news? Saved me with his dying breath, Is'n't that good news?



Suff - ring on the cross, he bore, That on Canaan's peaceful shore, I might dwell for - ev - er - more, Is'n't that good news?
 He'll redeem my helpless soul, Wash and cleanse me, make me whole, Lead me upward to the goal, Is'n't that good news?
 Soon he'll leave his mansion home, Coming down to claim his own, All who trust in him a - lone, Is'n't that good news?

Chorus.


Is'n't that good news? Is'n't that good news? Je - sus can save e - ven me, Is'n't that good news?

LOVELY JESUS.

11

S. A. MUEL.

"He also will hear their cry and save them."—Psa. 145: 19.

GEO. E. MYERS.

Moderato.

1. Love-ly Je - sus, love-ly Je - sus, Hear a hum - ble sin-ner's pray'r, I'm a sin - ner,
 2. Oh, how pre - cious, oh, how pre - cious, E'er to trust thy pre-cious word, May I ev - er
 3. Arms of mer - cy thrown wide o - pen, Hosts of sin - ners in them fall; Oth - ers trem-bling,

Chorus.

I'm a sin - ner, All my bur - dens help me bear. Wilt thou hear me, wilt thou hear me, If at
 love and serve thee, For thou'rt wise and good, oh Lord.
 now they're com-ing, To the lov - ing Sav-ior's call.

Rit.

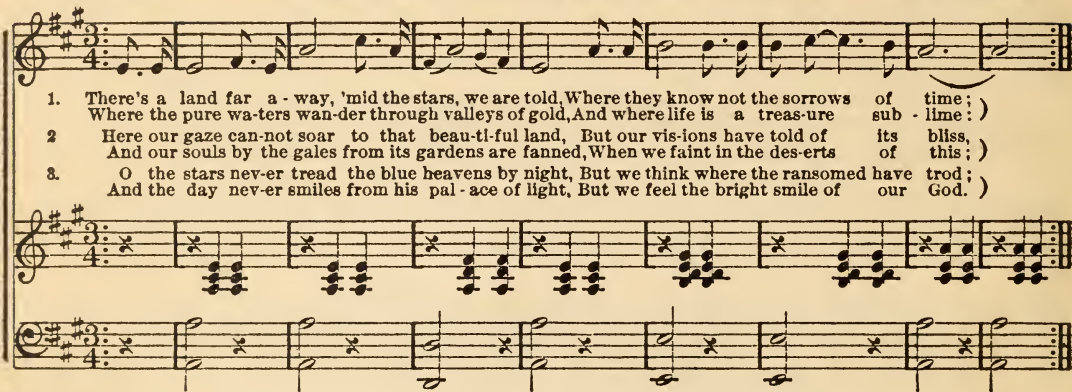
once I fly to thee? I am com-ing, I am com-ing, May thy child I ev - er be.

THE EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

J. G. CLARK.

"They desire a better country, that is an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

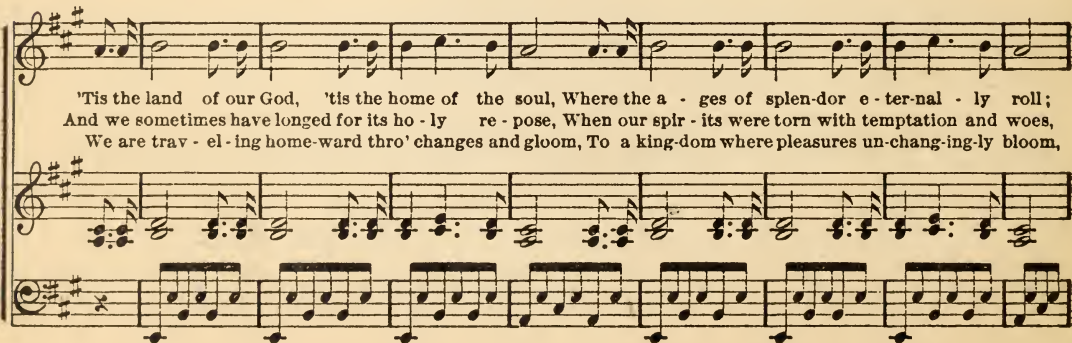
J. W. RUGGLES.



1. There's a land far a - way, 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time;
Where the pure wa-ters wan-der through valleys of gold, And where life is a treas-ure sub - lime:)

2 Here our gaze can-not soar to that beau-ti-ful land, But our vis-ions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gales from its gardens are fanned, When we faint in the des-erts of this:)

3. O the stars nev-er tread the blue heavens by night, But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the day nev-er smiles from his pal - ace of light, But we feel the bright smile of our God.)



'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul, Where the a - ges of splen-dor e - ter-nal - ly roll;
And we sometimes have longed for its ho - ly re - pose, When our spir - its were torn with temptation and woes,
We are trav - el - ing home - ward thro' changes and gloom, To a king - dom where pleasures un - chang - ing - ly bloom,

THE EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE. Concluded. 13

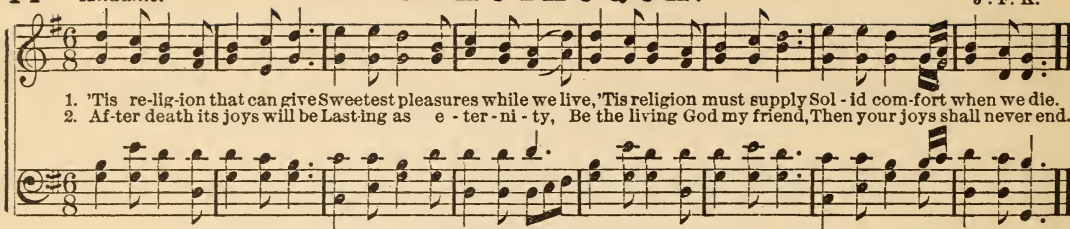
Where the way - wea - ry trav - el - er reach - es his goal, On the ev - er - green mountains of life.
 And we've drank from the tide of the riv - er that flows From the ev - er - green mountains of life.
 And our guide is the glo - ry that shines thro' the tomb. From the ev - er - green mountains of life.

COWDEN.

J. F. K.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing, Thou art scat - t'ring full and free;
 2. Pass me not, oh God, my Fa - ther, Sin - ful though my heart may be,
 3. Pass me not, oh gra - cious Sa - vior, Let me love and cling to thee;

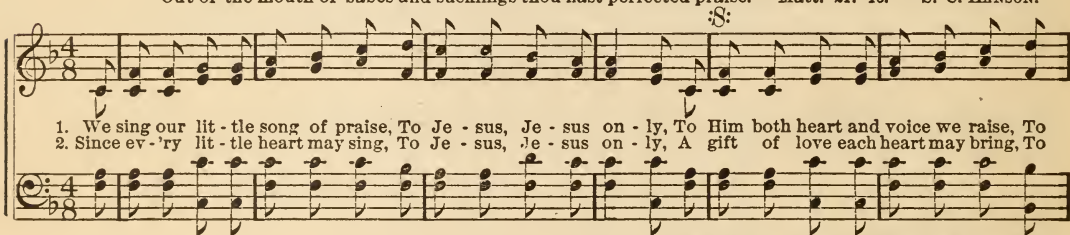
Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing, Let some drop - pings fall on me.
 Thou mightst leave me, but then rath - er, Let thy nier - cy fall on me.
 I am long - ing for thy fa - vor, Whilst thou'rt bless - ing, oh, bless me.



1. 'Tis re-lig-ion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live, 'Tis religion must supply Sol-id com-fort when we die.
 2. Af-ter death its joys will be Lasting as e-ter-ni-ty, Be the living God my friend, Then your joys shall never end.

JESUS ONLY.

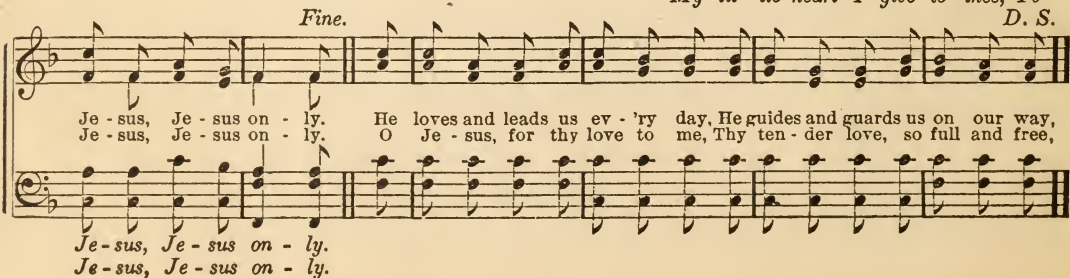
"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—Matt. 21: 16. S. C. HANSON.



1. We sing our lit-tle song of praise, To Je-sus, Je-sus on-ly, To Him both heart and voice we raise, To
 2. Since ev-ry lit-tle heart may sing, To Je-sus, Je-sus on-ly, A gift of love each heart may bring, To

*Our debt of love to Him we pay, To
 My lit-tle heart I give to thee, To
 D. S.*

Fine.



Je-sus, Je-sus on-ly. He loves and leads us ev-'ry day, He guides and guards us on our way,
 Je-sus, Je-sus on-ly. O Je-sus, for thy love to me, Thy ten-der love, so full and free,
 Je-sus, Je-sus on-ly.
 Je-sus, Je-sus on-ly.

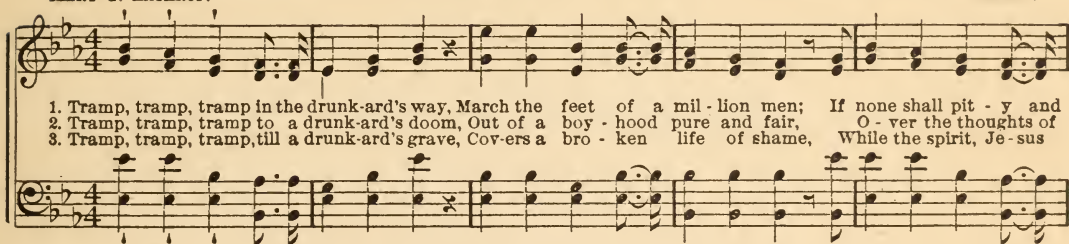
THE DEAD MARCH.

15

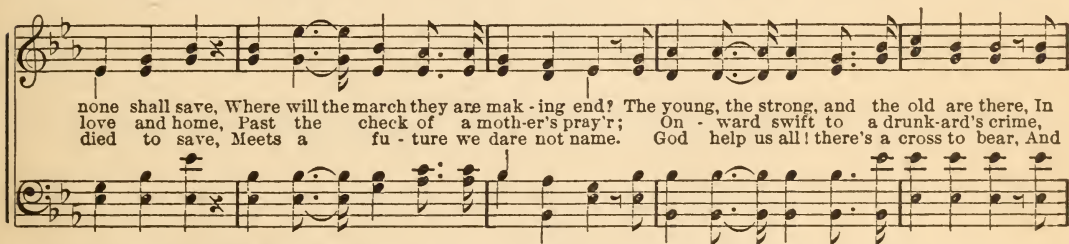
"But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way."—Isa. 27: 7.

MARY T. LATHROP.

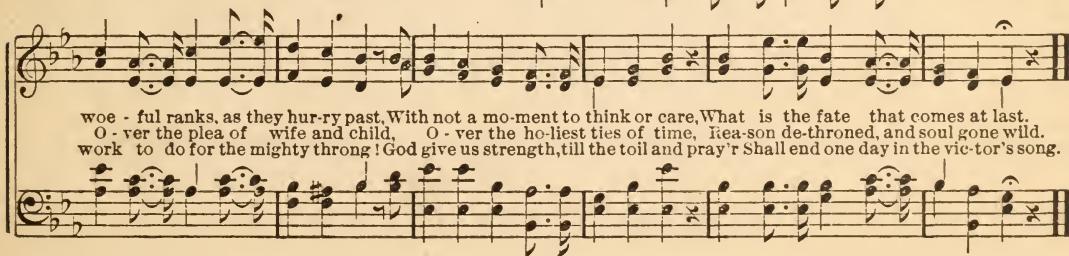
S. C. HANSON.



1. Tramp, tramp, tramp in the drunk-ard's way, March the feet of a mil-lion men; If none shall pit-y and
 2. Tramp, tramp, tramp to a drunk-ard's doom, Out of a boy-hood pure and fair, O-ver the thoughts of
 3. Tramp, tramp, tramp, till a drunk-ard's grave, Cov-ers a bro-ken life of shame, While the spirit, Je-sus



none shall save, Where will the march they are mak-ing end? The young, the strong, and the old are there, In
 love and home, Past the check of a moth-er's pray'r; On-ward swift to a drunk-ard's crime, And
 died to save, Meets a fu-ture we dare not name. God help us all! there's a cross to bear, And



woe-ful ranks, as they hur-ry past, With not a mo-ment to think or care, What is the fate that comes at last.
 O-ver the plea of wife and child, O-ver the ho-liest ties of time, Rea-son de-throned, and soul gone wild.
 work to do for the mighty throng! God give us strength, till the toil and pray'r Shall end one day in the vic-tor's song.

THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth."—Rev., 21: 1. "There shall be no night there."—Rev., 21: 25.

Words and Melody by REV. J. K. ALWOOD. (May be used as a Solo.)

Arr. by J. F. K.

Moderato.

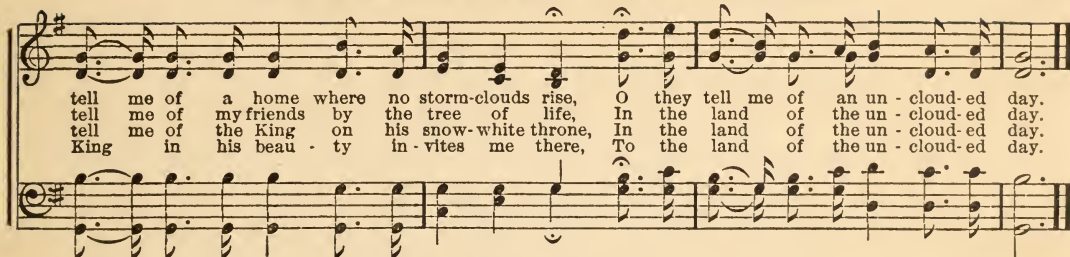
1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they tell me of a home far a-
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that land far a-
 3. O they tell me of the King in his beau - ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be-
 4. O they tell me that he smiles on his chil - dren there, And his smile drives their sor - rows all a-

way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed
 way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed
 hold; Where he sits on the throne that is whi - ter than snow, In the cit - y that is made of
 way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un-cloud-ed

day; O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they
 day; O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they
 gold; O that land mine eyes shall see, O that land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they
 day; O that land of love - ly smiles, O the smiles of his love - beam - ing eye; O the

THE UNCLOUDED DAY. Concluded.

17

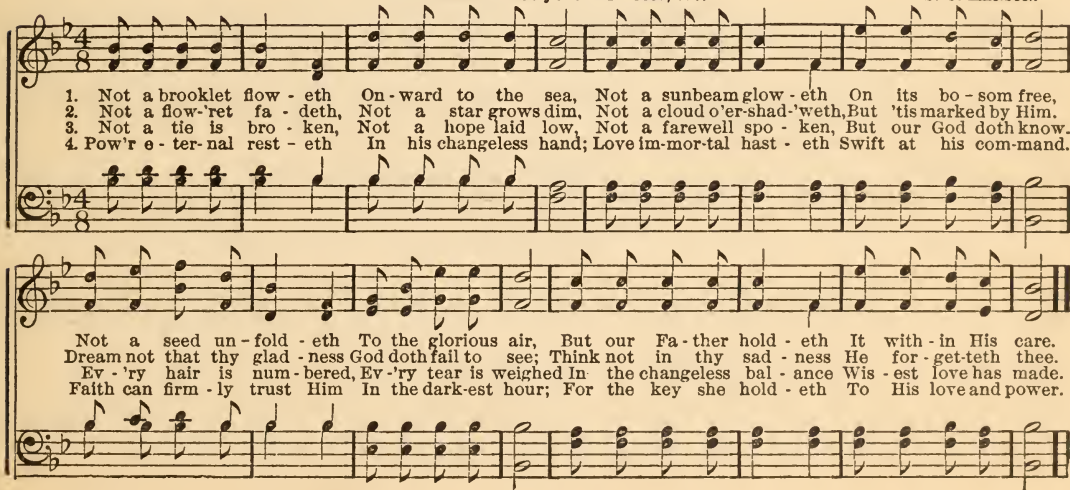


tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
 tell me of my friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un - cloud-ed day.
 tell me of the King on his snow-white throne, In the land of the un - cloud-ed day.
 King in his beau - ty in - vites me there, To the land of the un - cloud-ed day.

GOD'S CARE.

"For he careth for you."—1 Peter, 5:7.

S. C. HANSON.



1. Not a brooklet flow - eth On - ward to the sea, Not a sunbeam glow - eth On its bo - som free,
 2. Not a flow - ret fa - deth, Not a star grows dim, Not a cloud o'er - shad - weth, But 'tis marked by Him.
 3. Not a tie is bro - ken, Not a hope laid low, Not a farewell spo - ken, But our God doth know.
 4. Pow'r e - ter - nal rest - eth In his changeless hand; Love im - mor - tal hast - eth Swift at his com - mand.

Not a seed un - fold - eth To the glorious air, But our Fa - ther hold - eth It with - in His care.
 Dream not that thy glad - ness God doth fail to see; Think not in thy sad - ness He for - get - teth thee.
 Ev - 'ry hair is num - bered, Ev - 'ry tear is weighed In the changeless bal - ance Wis - est love has made.
 Faith can firm - ly trust Him In the dark - est hour; For the key she hold - eth To His love and power.

JESUS LOVES US.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."—Mark 10: 14.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

C. E. LESLIE.

1. Hark, I hear the chil-dren sing-ing, How I long to join the strain, Happy hearts, glad voices ringing,
 2. Bless-ed Je - sus, thou hast spoken, Bring the lit-tle ones to me, Let them come, of such the kingdom,
 3. Je-sus loves us, child-ish voi-ces, Sound aloud the precious truth; While each happy heart rejoices,

Chorus.

List - en to the sweet re-frain. Je - sus loves us, Let the lit-tle chil-dren
 Now we hast - en, Lord, to thee.
 Thou wilt guide our ten-der youth.

Je - sus loves us, Je - sus loves us,

sing, He has called us, he has called us, Lord, to thee, our hearts we bring.

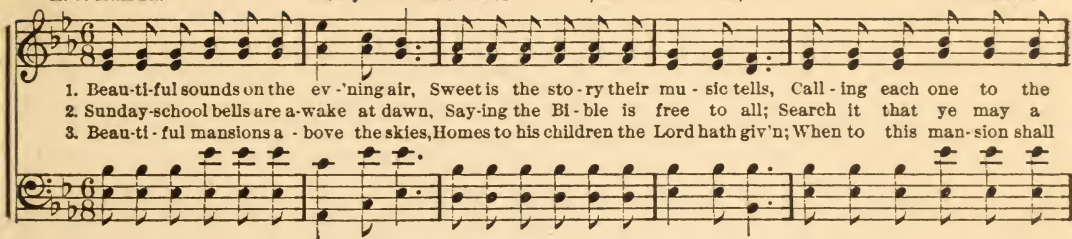
BEAUTIFUL BELLS.

19

A. J. KRIDER.

"Seek ye out the book of the Lord, and read."—Isa., 34: 16.

J. F. KINSEY.



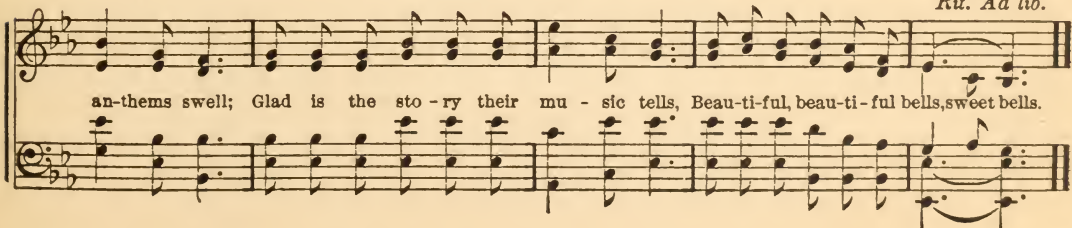
1. Beau-ti-ful sounds on the ev-'ning air, Sweet is the sto-ry their mu - sic tells, Call - ing each one to the
 2. Sunday-school bells are a-wake at dawn, Say-ing the Bi-ble is free to all; Search it that ye may a
 3. Beau-ti-ful mansions a - bove the skies, Homes to his children the Lord hath giv'n; When to this man-sion shall

Chorus.



place of pray'r, Beautiful, beau-ti - ful bells. Beau-ti-ful bells..... Beau-ti-ful bells, Out on the breeze their
 gain be born, An-swer its welcoming call. Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful bells, sweet bells,
 we a - rise, An-swer, sweet bells of heav'n. bells..... Beau-ti-ful bells,
 Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful bells sweet bells,

Rit. Ad lib.



an-thems swell; Glad is the sto-ry their mu - sic tells, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful bells, sweet bells.

SING TO ME MOTHER.

A. J. CRIDER.

"Sing ye to the Lord."—Ex. 15: 21.

J. F. KINSEY.

Ad Lib.

1. Sing to me, my head is wea-ry, And my eyes are dim with sleep, While the night is chill and
 2. Sing to me, while shades are falling, And the daylight fades more dim, Tho' I hear sweet voi-ces
 3. Tho' I sleep, I shall re-mem-ber, That dear song you sang to me, And when I a-wake from

Chorus.

drea-ry, Sing one song and do not weep. I would sing that song dear moth-er, Of the
 call-ing, I will hear your ten-der hymn.
 slum-ber, I can hear that mel-o-dy.

land so far a-way, Where the an-gels sing to-geth-er, All the bright, un-end-ing day.

WAITING.

21

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."—2. Tim. 4: 6.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

S. C. HANSON.

With expression.

1. Close be - side the mys - tic riv - er, Has my spir - it hov - ered long; Flutt'ring heart-strings waiting
 2. For a lit - tle while I'm stay - ing, Held by those I love so well, Time and tide are not de -
 3. Soon I'll slip from earth - ly moorings, Soon this fleet - ing breath must fall;— Soon be done with Jordan's
 4. Soon I'll join the hap - py cho - rus Of the an - gel band a - bove, Meet the lov'd ones gone be -

Chorus.

ev er, List - 'ning for the an - gel's song. Hark! me - thinks I hear the sing - ing Of the
 lay - ing, Soon I'll with the an - gels dwell.
 roar - ings, An chor'd safe with - in the vail.
 fore us, Share with them e - ter - nal love.

an - gel bands a - bove; Thrill - ing! sweet the voi - ces ring - ing With the mel - o - dy of love.

WHY SHOULD I LINGER?

Prof. M. DEWITT LONG.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—Math. 20: 6.

J. B. LESLIE.

Moderato.

1. Why should I lin - ger while Je - sus is call - ing? Why should I tar - ry, when He points the way!
 2. Why should I lin - ger while Je - sus is call - ing? Why should I tar - ry, when He points the way!
 3. Why should I lin - ger while Je - sus is call - ing? Why should I tar - ry, when He points the way!

Why should I grieve Him when He stands in - vit - ing? Why should I not the kind sum-mons o - bey?
 There He is standing with par - don to greet me, Shall I not flee to His bo - som to - day?
 Has He not prom-ised to keep and pro - tect me? Have I then rea - son for long - er de - lay?

ff Has not His word and His prov-i-dence shown me, That dark-ness and dan - ger hang o - ver my path?
 Long have I wan - der'd in vain thro' life's des - ert, Oft have I longed for some strong, lov - ing hand;
 Here at His feet now I lay all my bur - den, Here at His mer - cy - seat place all my care;

WHY SHOULD I LINGER? Concluded.

23

ff *mf*

Shall I not turn to the Friend that hath lov'd me? Shall I not turn from the temp-est of wrath?
 Now he is bid- ding me come to the foun- tain, Shall I not yield to His lov- ing com- mand?
 Here will I wait me, His coun- sel di- rect- ing, Here may he keep me His la- bor to share.

I WILL GO TO HIM.

S. A. MUEL.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15: 18.

S. C. HANSON.

1. Far from home and friends, Steep'd in sin I am; Can I make a-mends? Can I go to Him?
 2. Oh, my cup of woe Swells a-bove the brim; Tears un-bid-den flow, Shall I go to Him?
 3. Hap-py would I be Free from woe and sin; He will make me free, When I go to Him.
 4. Sweet-est hopes a-rise, Paths of sin grow dim; Tears oft fill my eyes, When I think of Him,

Can I go to Him And be-fore Him bow? Will He par-don now, If I go to Him?
 Shall I go to Him, Leave my wretched path, And es-cape His wrath? Shall I go to Him?
 I will go to Him, When my heart is sad, He will make it glad, When I go to Him.
 I will go to Him, Who once died for me; May my song e'er be I will go to Him.

I AM SAVED.

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

H. P. ZIMMERMAN.

Con Spirito.

1. I am saved! I am saved! Je - sus bids me go free; He has bought with a
 2. I am cleans'd! I am cleans'd! I am whit - er than snow; He is might - y to
 3. Wond'rous love! wond'rous love! Now the gift I re - ceive; I have rest in his

Chorus.

price, E - ven me, e - ven me. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le -
 save, This I know, this I know.
 word, I be - lieve, I be - lieve.

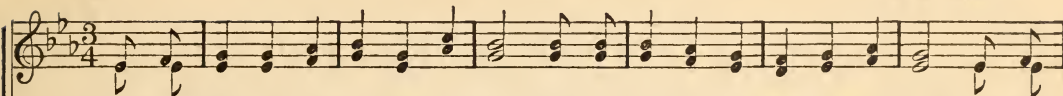
lu - jah, to my Sav - ior! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

SWEET MOMENTS OF PRAYER.

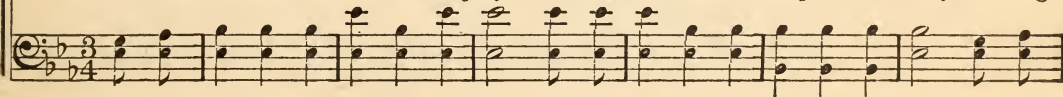
25

F. M. D.

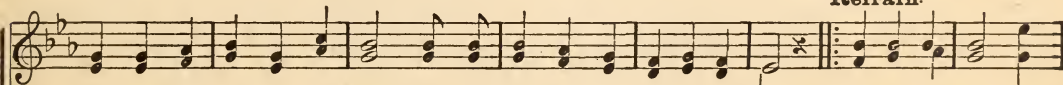
FRANK M. DAVIS.



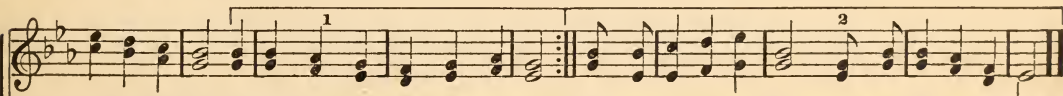
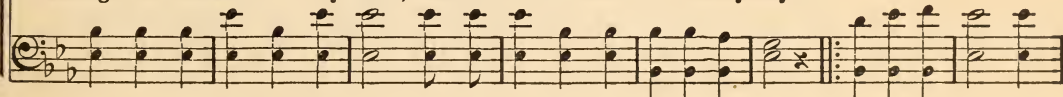
1. Oh, how sweet are the moments of pray'r, When the heart to the Lord low - ly bends, Oh, what
2. Oh, how sweet are the moments of pray'r, When the soul is o'er burdened with griefs, On the
3. Oh, how sweet are the moments of pray'r, To the soul that is tempt-ed to stray, Gain-ing



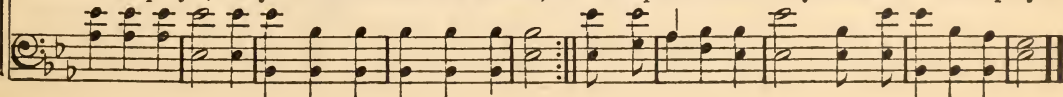
Refrain.



com-fort and joy to be there, To commune with the dearest of friends. Moments of pray'r, Sweet
Sav-ior to cast all our care, And re-ceive there the sweetest re-lief.
strength to with-stand ev - 'ry snare, That would lead from the heavenly way.



moments of pray'r, Away from this world and its care, How the spirit is cheered by sweet moments of pray'r.



ABIDING LOVE.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 John 4: 19.

S. C. HANSON.

1. My theme is love di-vine and free, A love that o - ver-shad-ows me; A love that guides me
 2. O may I in that bound-less love, Fore-taste the joy of saints a - bove, Drink deep-er from the
 3. O wond'rous love, that makes me sing, I am a child of God, my King; Bought by the blood of

Chorus.

in the way, To death-less love and end - less day. 'Tis love I sing, 'tis love I know, That
 bless - ed fount, Stand firm - er on the ho - ly mount. 'Tis love I sing, etc.
 His dear Son, Saved by his love, thro' Christ a - lone. 'Tis love I sing, etc.

keeps me in the way I go, 'Tis love a - bid-ing, full and free, Thy love, my Fa-ther, love for me.

CROWNS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

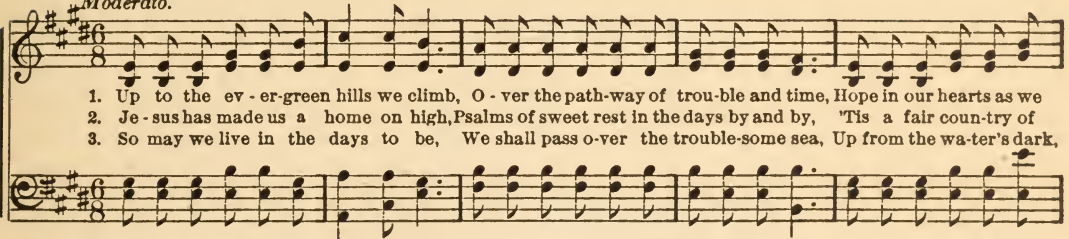
27

"Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Peter 5: 4.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

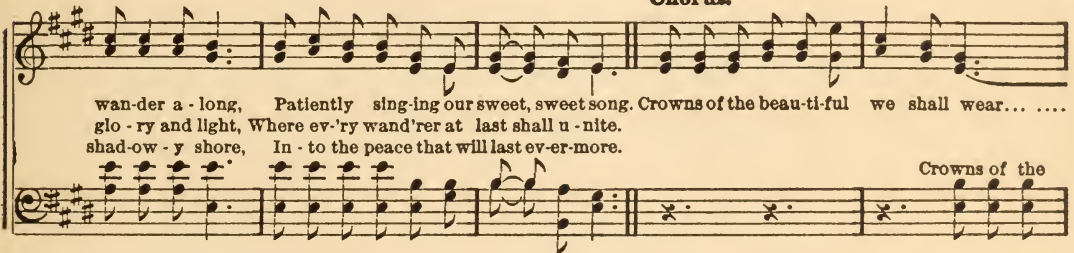
J. F. KINSKY.

Moderato.



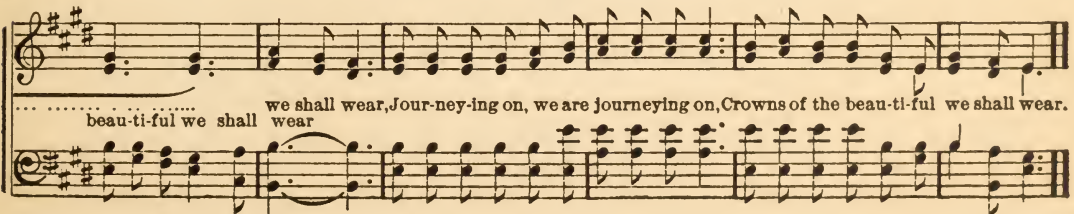
1. Up to the ev-er-green hills we climb, O-ver the path-way of trou-ble and time, Hope in our hearts as we
 2. Je-sus has made us a home on high, Psalms of sweet rest in the days by and by, 'Tis a fair coun-try of
 3. So may we live in the days to be, We shall pass o-ver the trouble-some sea, Up from the wa-ter's dark,

Chorus.



wan-der a-long, Patiently sing-ing our sweet, sweet song. Crowns of the beau-ti-ful we shall wear... .
 glo-ry and light, Where ev-'ry wand'er at last shall u-nite.
 shad-ow-y shore, In-to the peace that will last ev-er-more.

Crowns of the



we shall wear, Jour-ney-ing on, we are journeying on, Crowns of the beau-ti-ful we shall wear.
 beau-ti-ful we shall wear

THE LORD'S DAY.

"And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it."—Gen. 2: 3.

S. C. HANSON.

1. O day of rest and glad-ness! O day of joy and light! O balm of care and
 2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth; On thee for our sal-
 3. Thou art a cool-ing foun-tain, In life's dry, drea-ry sand; From thee, like Pis-gah's
 4. To-day on wea-ry na-tions, The heav'n-ly man-na falls; To ho-ly con-vo-
 5. New gra-cies ev-er gain-ing, From this our day of rest, We reach the rest re-

sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful... and bright! On thee, the high and low-ly, Be-
 va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth; On thee, our Lord vic-to-rious, The
 moun-tain, We view our prom-ised land; A day of sweet re-fec-tion, A
 ca-tions, The sil-very trum-pet calls; Where gos-pel light is glow-ing, With
 main-ing To spir-its of... the blest; To Ho-ly Ghost are prais-es, To

fore the e-ter-nal throne; Sing ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, To the great Three in One.
 spir-it sent from heaven; And thus on thee most glo-rious, A trip-le light was given.
 day of ho-ly love;... A day of res-ur-rec-tion, From earth to things a-bove.
 pure and ra-diant beams; And liv-ing wa-ters flow-ing, With soul re-fresh-ing streams.
 Fath-er and the Son;... The church her voice up-raises To thee, blest Three in One.

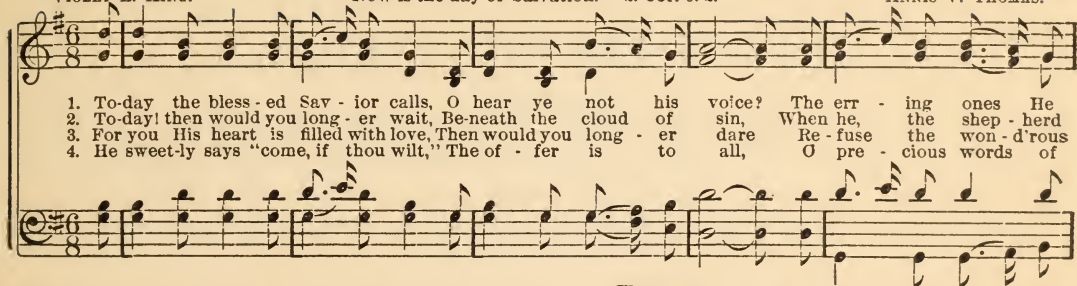
"TO DAY."

29

VIOLET E. KING.

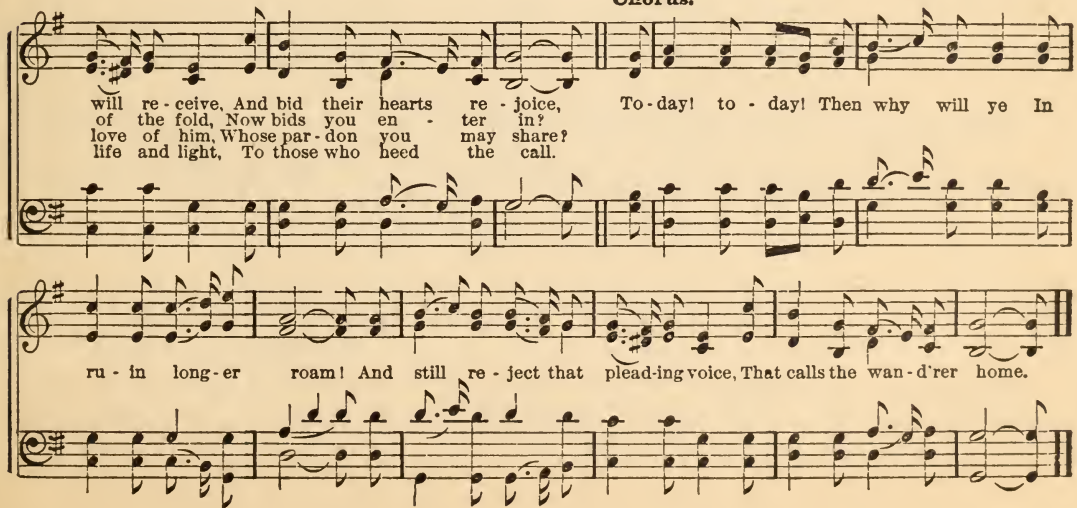
"Now is the day of Salvation."—2. Cor. 6: 2.

ANNIS V. THOMAS.



1. To-day the bless-ed Sav-ior calls, O hear ye not his voice? The err-ing ones He
 2. To-day! then would you long-er wait, Be-neath the cloud of sin, When he, the shep-herd
 3. For you His heart is filled with love, Then would you long-er dare Re-fuse the won-d'rous
 4. He sweet-ly says "come, if thou wilt," The of-fer is to all, O pre-cious words of

Chorus.



will re-ceive, And bid their hearts re-joice, To-day! to-day! Then why will ye In
 of the fold, Now bids you en-ter in?
 love of him, Whose par-don you may share?
 life and light, To those who heed the call.

ru-in long-er roam! And still re-ject that plead-ing voice, That calls the wan-d'rer home.

WE SHALL MEET BY AND BY.

"MOC ENARB."

"But then shall I know even as I am known."—I Cor., 13: 12.

S. C. HANSON.

1. In that home o - ver there, So the Scrip-tures de-clare, We shall meet one an-oth-er a - gain;
 2. We shall meet o - ver there, Where the fields are so fair, And in beau - ty the tree of life grows;
 3. When our jour - ney's com-plete, In that cit - y we'll meet, Whose broad streets throng'd with saints are of gold;

And 'mid pleas - ure sub-lime, In that heav-en-ly clime, We shall nev - er know sor-row a - gain.
 Where the an - gels of light Sing sweet songs of de - light, And the riv - er of life ev - er flows.
 Where with rap - ture we'll sing Cease-less praise to our King Whose bright ra - dance we long to be - hold.

Chorus.

By and by we shall meet, And the dear Sav - ior greet, In the realms of glo - ry on high;

We shall stand by the throne, And know as we're known, In those man-sions prepared in the sky.

TRUSTING ONLY THEE.

S. A. MUEL.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord."—Jer. 17: 7.

S. C. HANSON.

1. Lord, I come be-fore thee trusting, Trust-ing in thy Sa-cred Word, And to thee de-vout-ly pray-ing,
 2. Well I know that thou art lov-ing, Lov-ing all the meek and mild, And each day doth pour kind blessings,
 3. Ev-er help me to be faith-ful, Faith-ful till the end of life, Seek-ing thus to be a vic-tor,

And when life's dark day is o-ver,
 D.S.

Fine. Chorus.

Pray-ing that I may be heard. Fa-ther, help.....me trust in thee, Seeking e'er.....thy child to be.
 Blessings on each faithful child. Father, help me seeking e'er thy
 Vic-tor in all earthly strife.

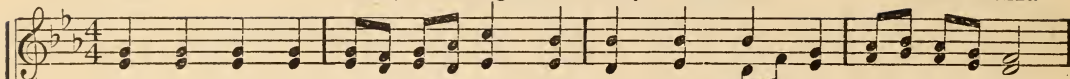
Home to glo-ry lead them on.

WHILE YET YOU MAY.

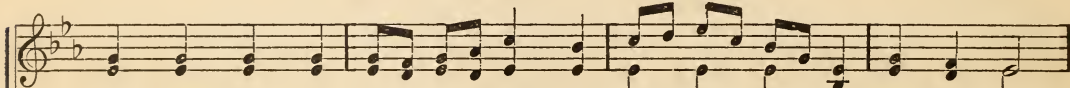
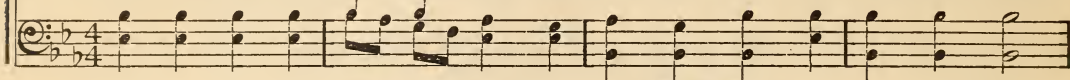
E. B. GRIMES.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.

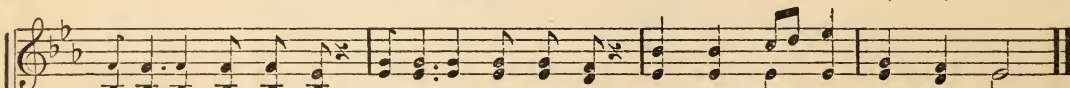
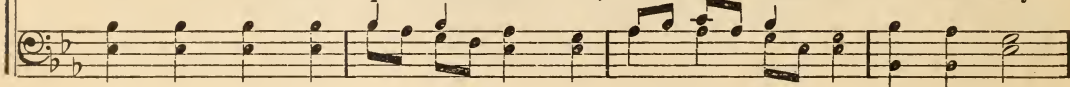
VINT C. BATES.



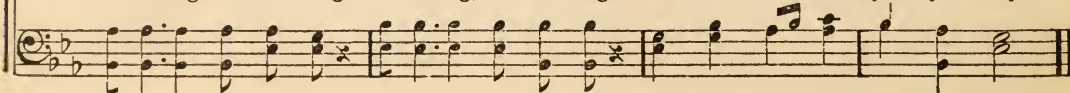
1. You who walk where clouds of sor - row Seem to fade the fad - ing light
 2. Turn your foot - steps then, my broth - er, Where the way is bright and clear,
 3. Rich - er far than all the pleas - ure Of this life, a fleet - ing day,



Of each fast de - clin - ing mor - row, With a dark - er, deep - er night,—
 Trod - den by your fa - thers, moth - ers, Whom you hold so true and dear,
 Is the Fa - ther's prom - ised treas - ure, To the ones who love his way.



Must be walk - ing,— Must be walk - ing With - out God's all pow'r - ful might.
 You'll be strong - er,— You'll be strong - er, Do not pause, nor doubt nor fear.
 Trust - ing, be - liev - ing, Trust - ing, be - liev - ing, Seek it now, while yet you may.



ALL THE WAY.

33

JENNIE WILSON.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. As we jour-ney to the cit - y, Glow-ing with e - ter - nal day, We in-voke di - vine pro-tec-tion, Fa-ther
 2. Oft the tempt-er seeks to lure us, In - to paths that lead a - stray, Shield us from the pow'rs of e - vil, Be our
 3. When the love of earth-ly pleasure, Would our upward course delay, Fix our minds on joys ce - les - tial, Fa-ther
 4. And when sorrow's deep-est shadows Veil from us hope's cheering ray, Clasp our hand in thine still clos-er, Be our
 5. When our path lies thro' death's valley, Let thy presence be our stay, Till we reach the gates of glo - ry, We will

Chorus.

guard us all the way. Fa - ther, guide.... us, Fa - ther, guide us, Guide and guard us, Fa-ther, all the
 ref - uge all the way. Fa - ther, Fa - ther, guide, oh guide us, Guide and guard..... us all the
 keep us all the way. Fa - ther guide us, Fa-ther, guide, Guide and guard us,
 com-fort all the way.
 trust thee all the way.

way.... Come thou near us, Oh, our Fa - ther, Come thou near and guide us all the way. all the way.
 all the way, Come thou near-er, Fa-ther, come Near and guide us all the way, all the way.

THE OPEN GATE.

MRS. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

"An entrance shall be administered unto you abundantly."—Pet. 1: 11.

S. C. HANSON.

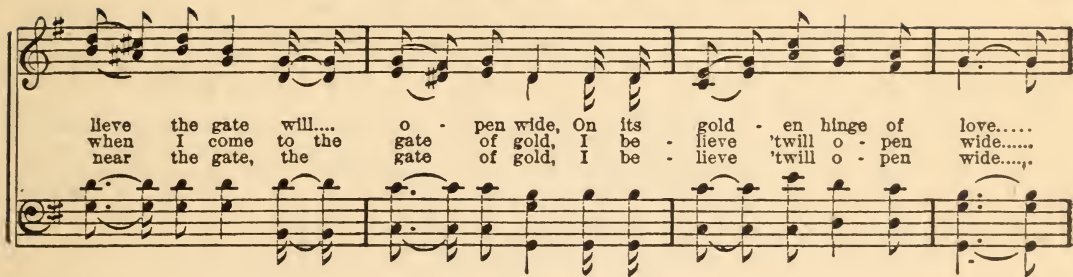
1. I've heard them sing a - gain and a - gain, Of a gate that stands a - jar, Of a
 2. A wel - come home at the o - pen gate, From a land of an - gels bright, Do ...
 3. The sin - ner's friend, as he reach - es down, With a Sav - ior's won - d'rous love; Who pre-

sun - ny clime, and gold - en plain, And a sin - less land a - far,.... But
 these for the ran - som'd spir - its wait, As it gains the land of light?... We
 pares.... a man - sion, robe, and crown, In his shin - ing courts a - bove,.... Will

when I have past the chil - ly tide, And en - ter my home a - bove, I be-
 may not know of the joy un - told, The bliss of the oth - er side, But
 gath - er his flock in - to the fold, To the fold.... be - yond the tide, As they

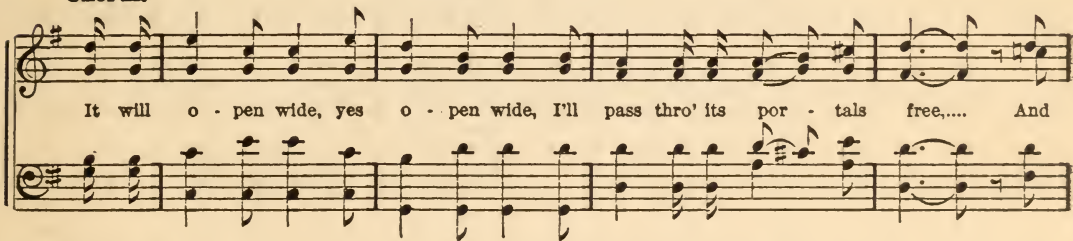
THE OPEN GATE. Concluded.

35

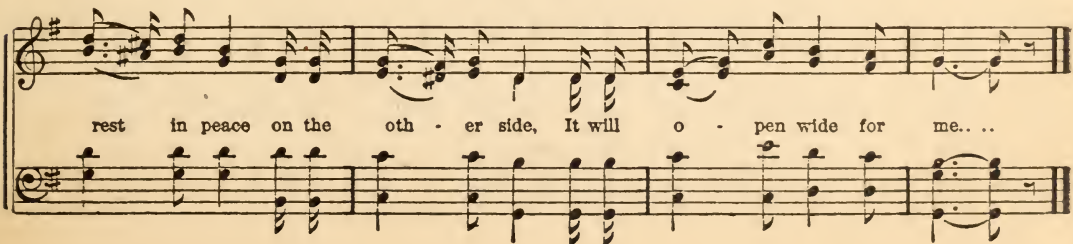


lleve the gate will... o - pen wide, On its gold - en hinge of love....
 when I come to the gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o - pen wide....
 near the gate, the gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o - pen wide....

Chorus.



It will o - pen wide, yes o - pen wide, I'll pass thro' its por - tals free.... And



rest in peace on the oth - er side, It will o - pen wide for me...

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22: 14.

S. C. HANSON.

1. No night shall be in heav'n! No gath - 'ring gloom, Shall o'er that glorious land - scape
 2. No night shall be in heav'n! No dread - ful hour Of men - tal dark-ness, or the
 3. No night shall be in heav'n! For - bid to sleep, There eyes no more their mournful

ev - er come, Shall o'er that glo-rious land - scape ev - er come; No tears shall fall in
 tempt-er's pow'r, Of men - tal dark-ness, or the tempt-er's pow'r; A - cross those skies no
 vig - ils keep, There eyes no more their mourn-ful vig - ils keep; Their foun-tains dried, their

Chorus.
 sad - ness o'er those flow'rs, That breathe their fra-grance thro' ce - les - tial bow'rs, No
 en - vious clouds shall roll, To dim the sun - light of the rap - tur'd soul,
 tears all wiped a - way, They gaze un - daz - zled on e - ter - nal day,

night,... Shall be in heav'n, no night,... shall be in heav'n, No night... shall be in heav'n. No night shall be in heav'n.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains the melody for the vocal part. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the upper staff, aligned with the notes.

LITTLE PILGRIM.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—Matt. 21: 16.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

S. C. HANSON.

1. I'm a lit-tle pil-grim, My Father is a king, King of earth and heaven, His praise I glad-ly sing.
2. I'm a lit-tle strang-er, I wander far from home, In a land of dan-ger, My lit-tle foot-steps roam.
3. I'm a lit-tle christian, What is it I should fear? Je-sus is my shepherd, His lit-tle lamb he'll hear.

The musical score is in 4/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody on the upper staff and a bass line on the lower staff. The lyrics are provided for three verses, each corresponding to a line of the melody.

Chorus.

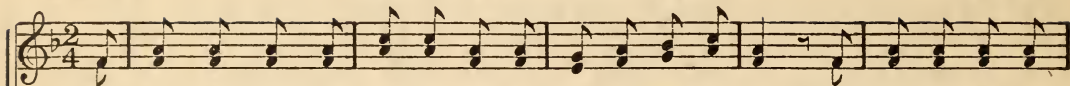
Lit-tle pil-grim stranger, Lit-tle christian sing, Praise in songs of gladness, Your Fa-ther and your King.

The chorus is written on two staves in the same 4/8 time and key signature as the verses. It includes a melody on the upper staff and a bass line on the lower staff, with the lyrics written below.

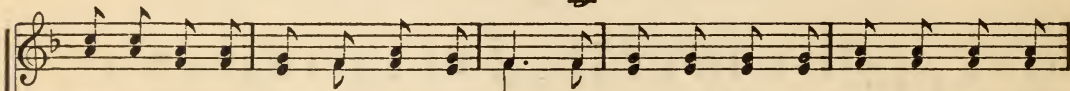
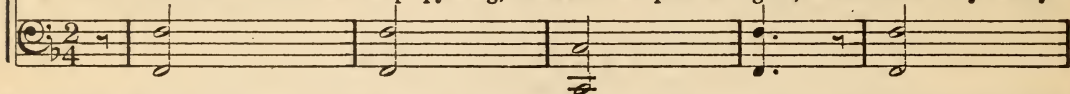
A. JAY. K.

"Of such is the kingdom of God."—Mark 10: 14.

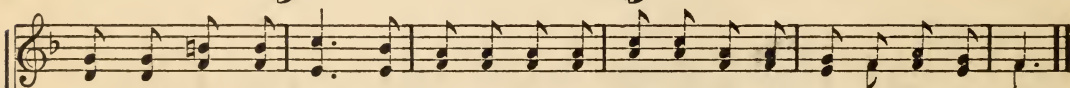
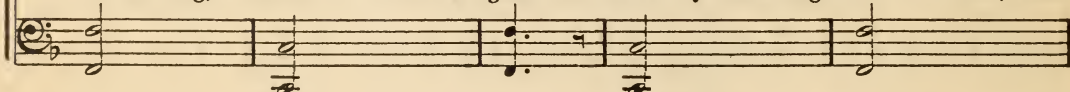
J. F. K.



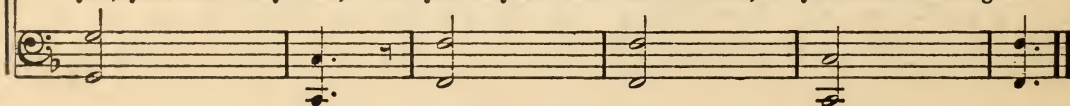
1. We are but lit - tle ones in-deed, Too ten-der, weak and small, To raise the fall - en
2. There are some things that we can do, Tho' we may not be strong, Our lit - tle deeds both
3. Then list - en to our hap - py song, And when we part a - gain, Re - solve to jour-ney



when in need, Or keep them from the fall. But we can sing a song of praise, That
kind and true, Will help the good a - long. We need not fail in ten - der smile, In
still a - long, Nor think to mourn a - gain. There's ma - ny bless - ings still in store, That



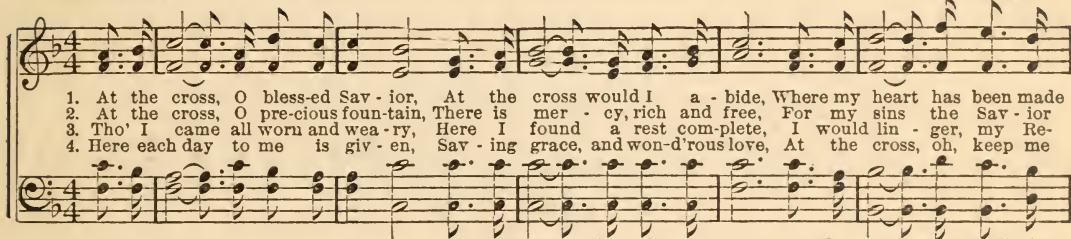
on the air will rise, To cheer the fall - en ones when rais'd, And dry their tear-ful eyes.
words of song and cheer, A lov - ing look may pain be-guile, And help the weak ones here,
you, your own may call, But you may see them nev - er more, If you should faint-ing fall.



AT THE CROSS.

39

"He that dwelleth in the sacred place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."—Psa. 91: 1.
VIOLET E. KING. J. F. KINSEY.



1. At the cross, O bless-ed Sav-ior, At the cross would I a-bide, Where my heart has been made
2. At the cross, O pre-cious foun-tain, There is mer-cy, rich and free, For my sins the Sav-ior
3. Tho' I came all worn and wea-ry, Here I found a rest com-plete, I would lin-ger, my Re-
4. Here each day to me is giv-en, Sav-ing grace, and won-d'rous love, At the cross, oh, keep me

Chorus. At the cross, at the cross, Neath its
hap-py By the pre-cious blood ap-plied. At the cross, at the cross,
suf-fer'd, So there's room for ev-en-me.
deem-er, Ev-er lin-ger at thy feet. At the cross, at the cross, Neath its
faith-ful Till I go to thee a-bove.

shel-ter shall I be, At the cross, at the cross, Ev-er-more to dwell with thee.

Neath its shel-ter shall I be, At the cross, at the cross, Ev-er-more to dwell with thee.
shel-ter shall I be, At the cross, at the cross, Ev-er more to dwell with thee.

Neath its shel-ter shall I be, At the cross, at the cross, Ev-er-more to dwell with thee.

PILOT US SAFELY.

Rev. ELISHA HOFFMAN.

"Let us pass over unto the other side."—Mark 4: 35.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. O - ver the wa-ters we glide, we glide, O - ver the beau-ti-ful sil-ver tide; Bound for the land on the
 2. Swift-ly a-cross the bright waves we sail, Fear-less of danger when storms prevail; Trust-ing an arm that can
 3. Soon we shall land on the gold-en shore, Soon shall the journey be o'er, be o'er; Soon we shall en-ter to

Chorus.

Sail - ing a-long, sail-ing a-long, Sail - ing a-long, A-mid

other side, The beau-ti-ful land of rest. Sailing, yes, we're sailing along, a - long, Sailing, yes, we're sailing a-mid
 nev-er fail, Whose love is our joy and hope.
 leave no more The palace of Christ, our King.

Sail - ing a-long, sail-ing a-long, Sail - ing a-long, A-mid

joy and song, Sail - ing a-long, Sail-ing a-long,

joy and song, Sailing, yes, we're sailing a long, a - long, To join the glad throng on the oth-er side.

joy and song, Sail - ing a-long, Sail-ing a-long,

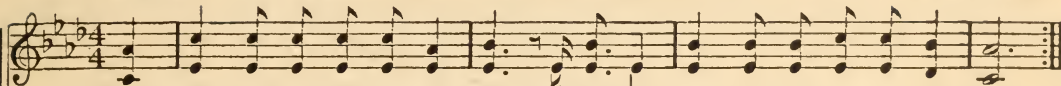
THE INVITATION

41

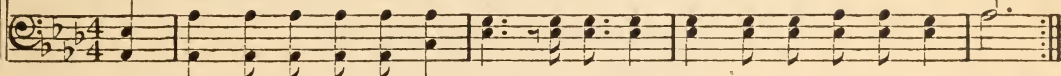
Rev. J. SCOTFORD.

"And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 13.

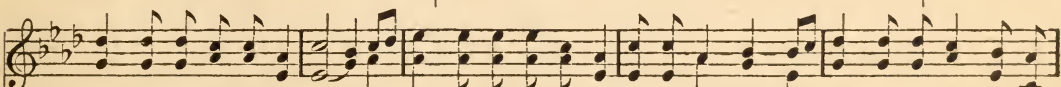
W. T. GIFFE.



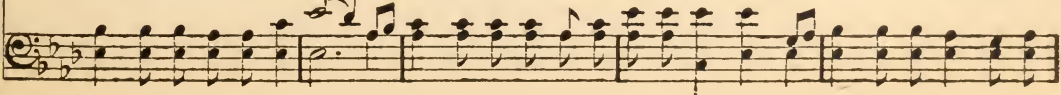
1. O! come to the foun-tain of light, sin-ner; O! come to the foun-tain of love;
2. Thy sin brings the dark-ness of night, sin-ner, O! come to the ban-quet of love;
3. O! come to the ban-quet of life, sin-ner, O! come to the ban-quet of love;
- In thy heart there is tur-moil and strife, sin-ner, 'Tis a ban-quet of glad-ness and joy;
3. Then come to the ban-quet of love, sin-ner, 'Tis a ban-quet of glad-ness and joy;
- Its rich-ness and bless-ed-ness prove, sin-ner,



But Christ is the light from a - bove, All na - ture is vo - cal with mu - sic and song, And
But Christ bring-eth peace from a - bove, To save thee he suf - fer'd and rose from the dead, His
Of its pleas - ures you nev - er will cloy, How sweet an - gel voi - ces are whis - per - ing, "come," And



love - ly as love - ly can be; O, why will you tar - ry in dark-ness so long? Why stum-ble and fall in the
mer - cy is boundless and free; His ban-quet is read-y, his ta - ble is spread, "O drink of my wine and par-
chris-tians are pray-ing for thee; Those sin - ful ex-cus-es will hast-en thy doom, And shut thee a - way from the



THE INVITATION. Concluded.

path-way of wrong? Since Je - sus is shin-ing for thee, sin-ner, Since Je - sus is shin-ing for thee.
 take of my bread," Thus Je - sus is speak-ing to thee, sin-ner, Thus Je - sus is speak-ing to thee.
 heav - en - ly home, And the ban-quet you nev-er will see, sin-ner, And ban-quet you nev-er will see.

THE PRODIGAL.

A. J. K.

"I will arise and go to my Father,"—Luke 15: 18.

J. F. K.

1. This heart of mine is deep dis - may'd, Far out up - on a bar - ren
 2. I've wan - der'd to - ward de - spair, Still hop - ing for the joys a -
 3. Oh, come a - gain thou joy di - vine, And set my troub - led spir - it
 4. A friend to help me when a - lone, A friend to guide me to the

rit.

plain, My soul is bleed - ing sore a - fraid, That Je - sus ne'er will come a - gain.
 gone, But find no rest - ing place from care, A wretch am I and all un - done.
 free, And I shall be a child of thine, And thou wilt be a friend to me.
 skies, And I no more shall be un - done, Nor wait to claim the promis - ed prize.

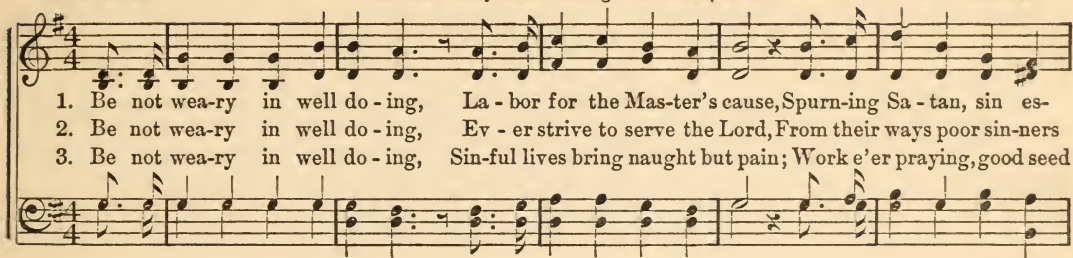
BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

43

S. A. MUEL.

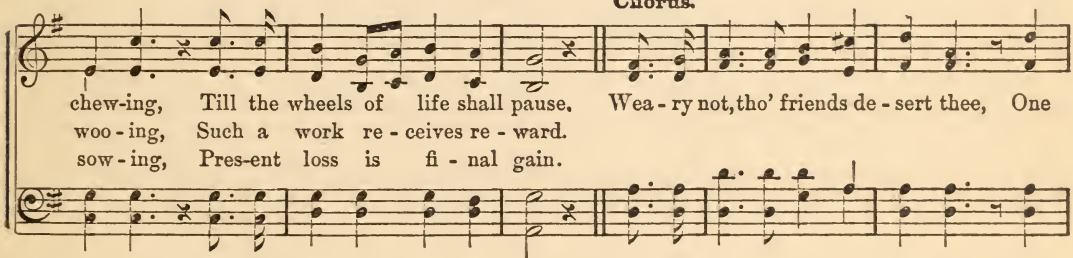
"Be not weary in well doing."—2. Thess, 3: 13.

S. C. HANSON.

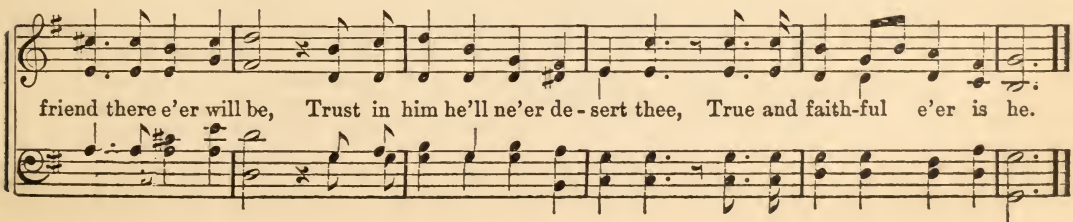


1. Be not wea-ry in well do-ing, La-bor for the Mas-ter's cause, Spurn-ing Sa-tan, sin-es-
 2. Be not wea-ry in well do-ing, Ev-er strive to serve the Lord, From their ways poor sin-ners
 3. Be not wea-ry in well do-ing, Sin-ful lives bring naught but pain; Work e'er praying, good seed

Chorus.



chew-ing, Till the wheels of life shall pause, Wea-ry not, tho' friends de-sert thee, One
 woo-ing, Such a work re- ceives re- ward.
 sow-ing, Pres-ent loss is fi- nal gain.



friend there e'er will be, Trust in him he'll ne'er de-sert thee, True and faith-ful e'er is he.

SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

J. F. KINNEY.

1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet day, We shall cross the storm-y
 2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Peace and plen - ty for us
 3. We shall meet our lost and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Gath'ring round the great white

tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day. We shall press the sands of gold, While be-
 wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day. We shall hear the won-d'rous strain, Glo - ry
 throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day. By the tree of life so fair, Joy and

fore our eyes un-fold, Heav - en's splen-dors yet un-told, Some sweet day, some sweet day
 to the Lamb that's slain, Christ was dead but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 rap - ture ev - 'ry-where; Oh, the bliss of o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

"PEACE! IT IS I!"

45

St. Anatolius, Bishop of
Constantinople, A. D. 458.

"It is I; be not afraid."—Matt. 14: 27.

S. C. HANSON.

1. Fierce was the wild bil - lows, Dark was the night; Oars la - bor'd
 2. Ridge of the mountain wave, Low - er thy crest! Wail of Eu-
 3. Je - sus,.... De - liv - 'rer, Come thou to me; Soothe thou my

heav - i - ly, Foam.. glim-mer'd white; Trem - bled the mar - i - ners,
 roc - ly - don, Be..... thou at rest! Sor - row can nev - er be,—
 voy - ag - ing, O - ver life's rough sea! Thou, when the storm of death

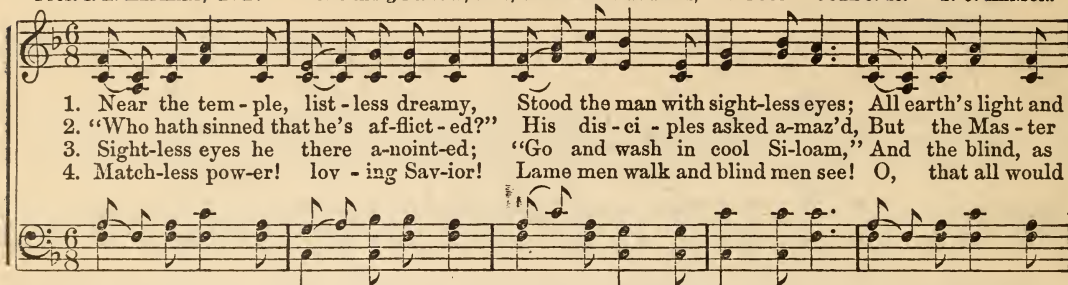
Per - il was nigh; Then said the Sav - ior, God; "Peace! it is I!"
 Dark - ness must fly; When saith the Light of Light; "Peace! it is I!"
 Roars sweep-ing by, Whis - per, O Truth of Truth; "Peace! it is I!"

THE BLIND MAN HEALED.

Pres. I. L. KEPHART, D. D.

"One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."—John 9: 25.

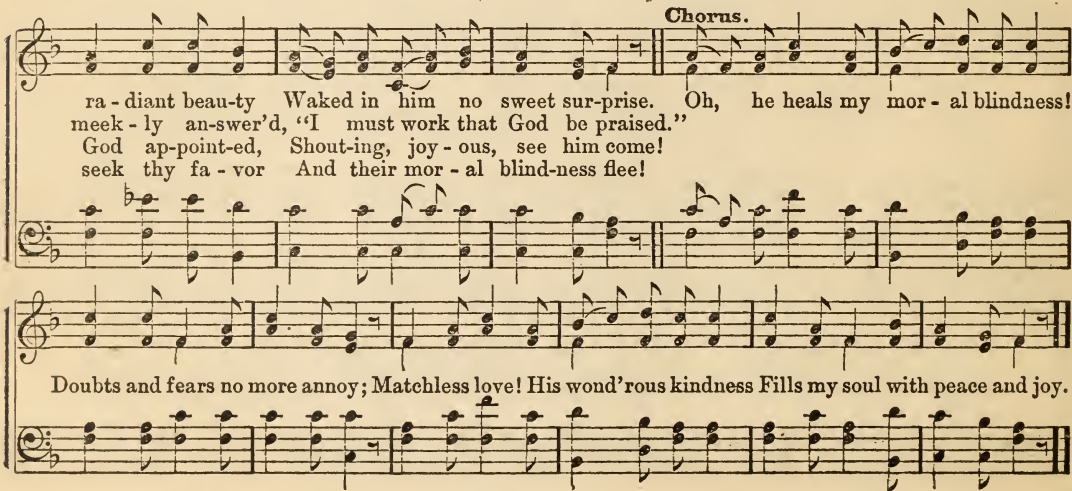
S. C. HANSON.



1. Near the tem-ple, list-less dreamy,
 2. "Who hath sinned that he's af-flict-ed?"
 3. Sight-less eyes he there a-noint-ed;
 4. Match-less pow-er! lov-ing Sav-ior!

Stood the man with sight-less eyes; All earth's light and
 His dis-ci-ples asked a-maz'd, But the Mas-ter
 "Go and wash in cool Si-loam," And the blind, as
 Lame men walk and blind men see! O, that all would

Chorus.



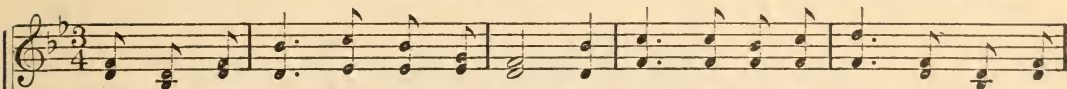
ra-diant beau-ty Waked in him no sweet sur-prise. Oh, he heals my mor-al blindness!
 meek-ly an-swer'd, "I must work that God be praised."
 God ap-point-ed, Shout-ing, joy-ous, see him come!
 seek thy fa-vor And their mor-al blind-ness flee!

Doubts and fears no more annoy; Matchless love! His wond'rous kindness Fills my soul with peace and joy.

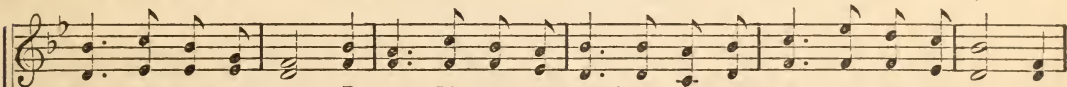
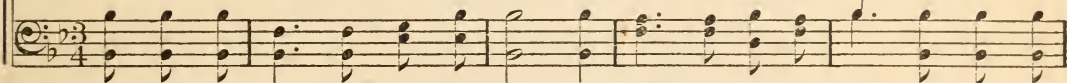
WE LOOK FOR THE SAVIOR.

47

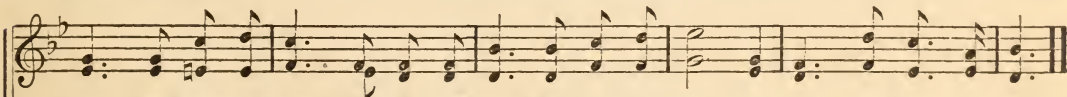
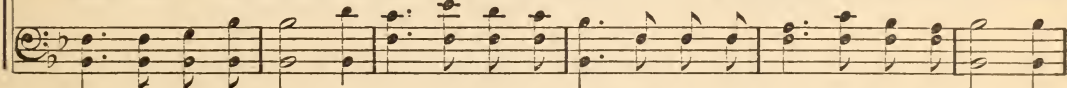
"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 42. GEO. E. MYERS.



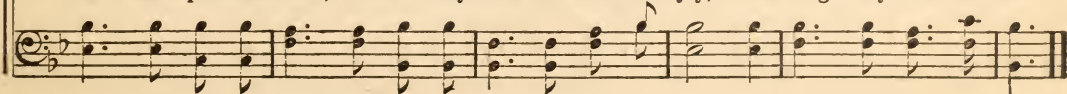
1. I can - not tell, I may not know, When Je - sus will be here; But some day
2. I should not like him when he comes, A wan-d'ring lamb to find, If I were
3. Lord Je - sus, as the years go by, And thine own day draws near, O make me



when we least ex - pect, I know He will ap-pear. Then, Lord, may I be wash'd from sin, And
i - dle, sel-fish, proud, Un-truth - ful or un-kind, How I should try to hide my face, And
know that I am thine, For then I need not fear. If I am cleansed and kept from sin, From



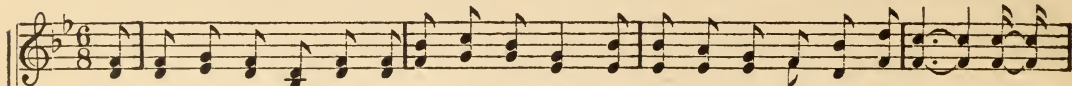
pure and spot-less be, That I may look for thee with joy, And long thy face to see.
from his pres-ence flee; I could not look for him with joy, Or long his face to see.
sa - tan's power set free, Then I may look for thee with joy, And long thy face to see.



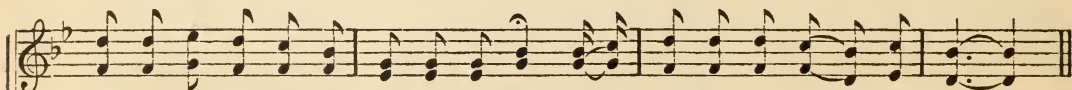
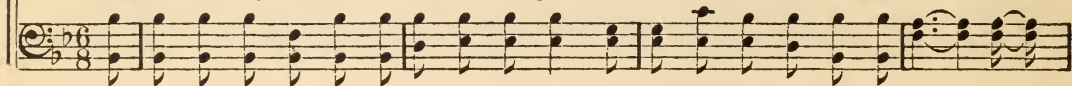
MY HOME FAR AWAY.

"Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Math. 23: 34.

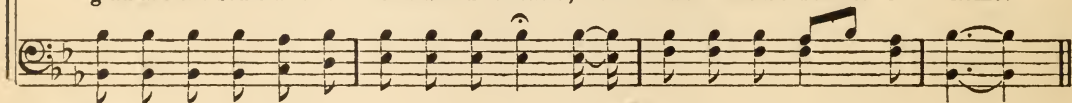
R. A. GLENN, by per.



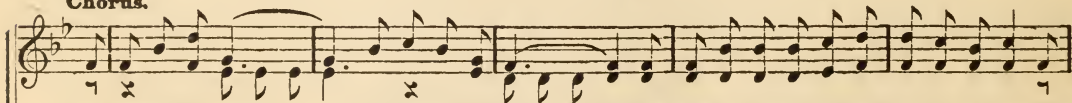
1. My beau-ti - ful home far a - way in the skies, Sometimes in my vis - ions I see, I can
2. Oh, home of the bless-ed, the land of de-light! When shall I thy beau-ties be - hold,— Thy
3. Dear home of my Sav-ior, fair man-sions of peace, Where sorrow and sin nev - er come, How



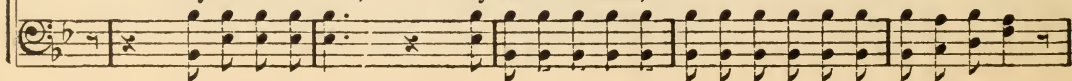
hear the glad songs from the glo - ri - fied rise, O'er the hills of e - ter - ni - ty.
cit - y ce - les - tial and pal - a - ces bright, And the beau - ti - ful street of gold?
glad are the souls when from this world re-leas'd, To dwell in that beau-ti - ful home.



Chorus.



My beautiful home, My beautiful home, Tho' dark be the shadows that hover between, The
My beautiful home, My beautiful home,



Musical score for 'MY HOME FAR AWAY. Concluded.' in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: dawn-ing will come, The dawn-ing will come, When I shall a - rise to meet the redeem'd. The dawn-ing will come, The dawn-ing will come.

VESPER HYMN.

S. A. MUEL.

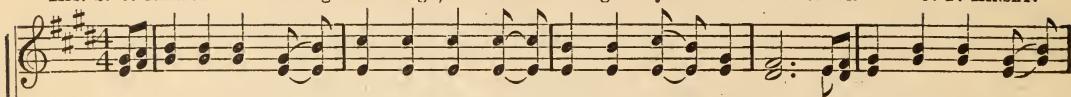
Musical score for 'VESPER HYMN.' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 1. Soft be the gen-tly breath-ing notes, That sing the Sav-ior's dy-ing love; 2. Soft as the morn-ing dews de - scend, While war-bling birds ex - alt - ing soar; Soft as the ev'-ning zeph-yr floats, And soft as tuneful lyres a - bove. So soft to our al-might-y Friend, Be ev - 'ry sigh our bo - soms pour.

HOPE ON.

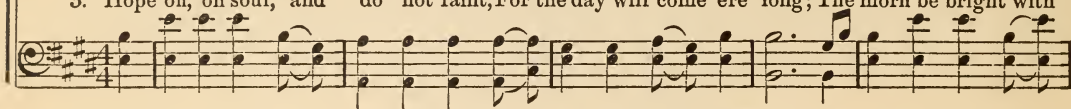
Mrs. S. C. HANSON.

"Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart."Psa. 31: 24.

J. F. KINSEY.



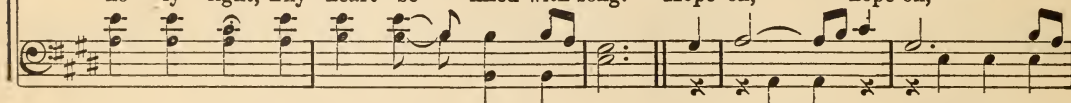
1. Hope on, oh soul, tho' the night be dark, And a star may never appear; The clouds will break and the
2. Hope on, oh soul, tho' the darkness comes, While battling for the right; In Christ thy faith and
3. Hope on, oh soul, and do not faint, For the day will come ere long; The morn be bright with



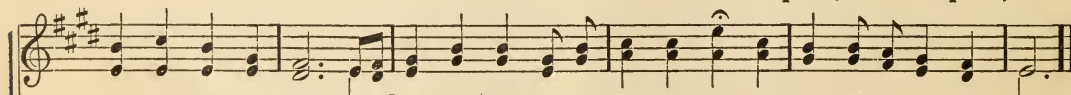
Chorus.



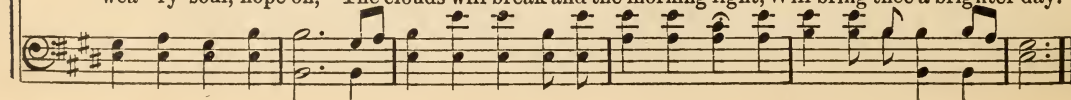
morn - ing light Will bring thee the need - ful cheer. Hope on, hope on, Oh
 strength shall be,—Oh, look un - to him for light. hope on, hope on, hope on,
 ho - ly light, Thy heart be filled with song. Hope on, hope on,



hope on, hope on,



wea - ry soul, hope on, The clouds will break and the morning light, Will bring thee a brighter day.



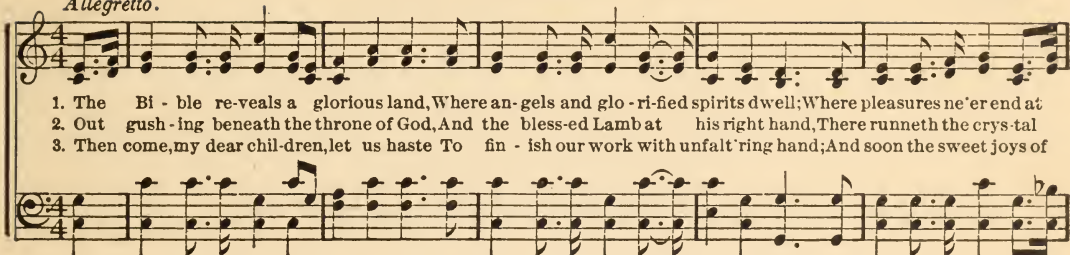
THAT GLORIOUS LAND.

51

"There I will meet with thee."—Ex., 25: 22.

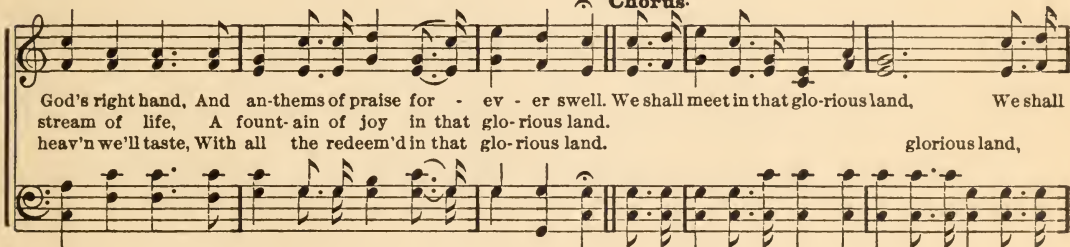
J. F. KINSEY.

Allegretto.



1. The Bi - ble re - veals a glorious land, Where an - gels and glo - ri - fied spirits dwell; Where pleasures ne'er end at
 2. Out gush - ing beneath the throne of God, And the bless - ed Lamb at his right hand, There runneth the crys - tal
 3. Then come, my dear chil - dren, let us haste To fin - ish our work with unfalt'ring hand; And soon the sweet joys of

Chorus.



God's right hand, And an - thems of praise for - ev - er swell. We shall meet in that glo - rious land, We shall
 stream of life, A fount - ain of joy in that glo - rious land.
 heav'n we'll taste, With all the redeem'd in that glo - rious land. glorious land,



meet in that glo - rious land, glorious land, We shall meet in that glorious land, And sing ev - er more with the angel band.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

"If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there."—Psa., 139: 8.

ALBERTINE.

S. C. HANSON.

1. The sun is shin - ing bright - ly O'er grass - y hill and dale, The breeze is play - ing
 2. The lark its voice now rais - es With tune - ful notes on high, Cre - a - tion blends its
 3. How can I note such grand - eur With an im - par - tial eye, Where gen - tle worlds in

light - ly Up - on the lil - y pale, The dis - tant an - thems ring - ing Up -
 prais - es And beau - ty seems to vie, The clouds like be - ings fai - ry So
 beau - ty Be - deck the o - rient sky, While far a - bove in tri - umph Christ

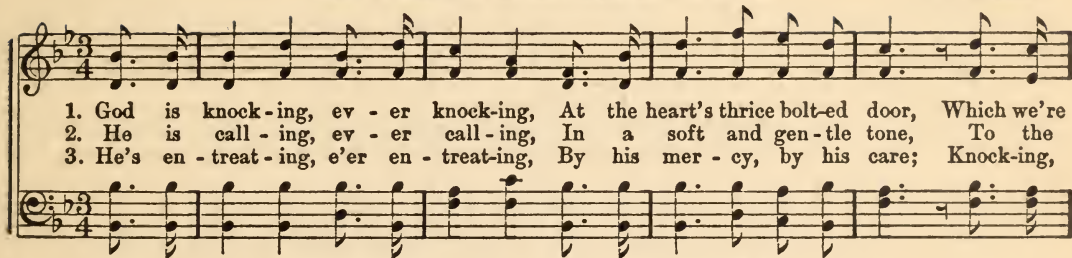
on the balm - y air, The birds pro - claim with sing - ing That God is ev - 'ry - where.
 soft - ly glide a - long Thro' worlds so bright and air - y With mu - sic in their song.
 gen - tly rules o'er all, He car - eth for all crea - tures Who notes the spar - row's fall.

GOD IS KNOCKING.

53

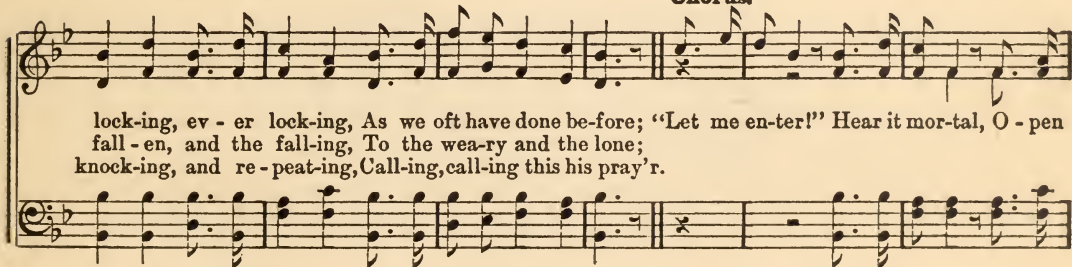
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

S. C. HANSON.

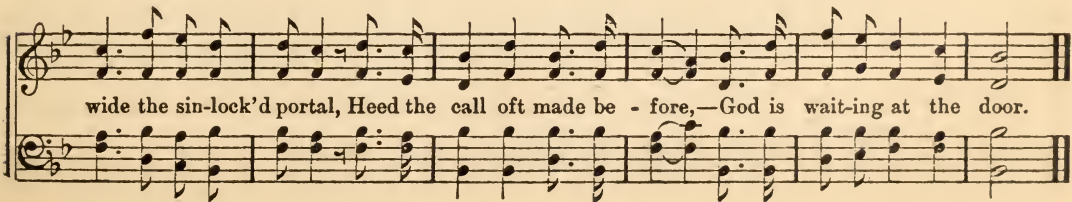


1. God is knock-ing, ev - er knock-ing, At the heart's thrice bolt-ed door, Which we're
 2. He is call - ing, ev - er call - ing, In a soft and gen-tle tone, To the
 3. He's en - treat - ing, e'er en - treat-ing, By his mer - cy, by his care; Knock-ing,

Chorus.



lock-ing, ev - er lock-ing, As we oft have done be-fore; "Let me en-ter!" Hear it mor-tal, O - pen
 fall-en, and the fall-ing, To the wea-ry and the lone;
 knock-ing, and re-peat-ing, Call-ing, call-ing this his pray'r.



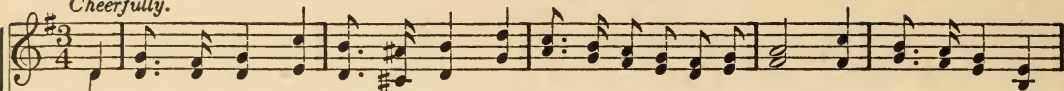
wide the sin-lock'd portal, Heed the call oft made be - fore,—God is wait-ing at the door.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

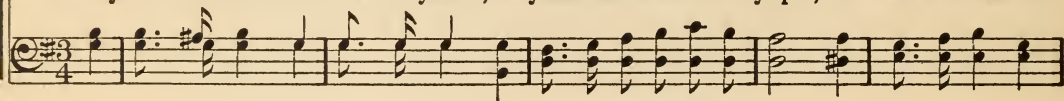
"Consider the lilies of the field."—Math. 6: 28.

GEO. B. CHASE.

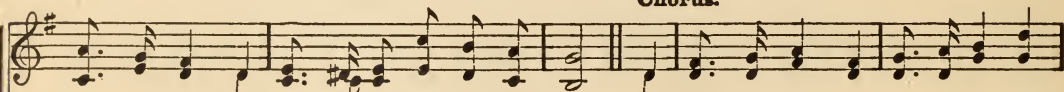
Cheerfully.



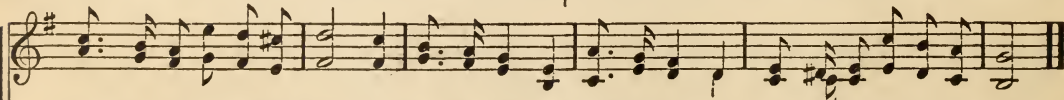
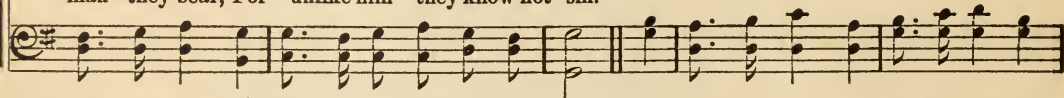
1. The Sav-ior's flow'rs! how pure and fair, Those sim-ple "lil-ies of the field;" How sweet, as in-cense
2. Not Sol - o - mon in glo - ry bright, In gor-geous and in gold ar-ray, Was such a fair and
3. They did not weave the robes they wear, They toil not neither do they spin; No bur-dens like frail



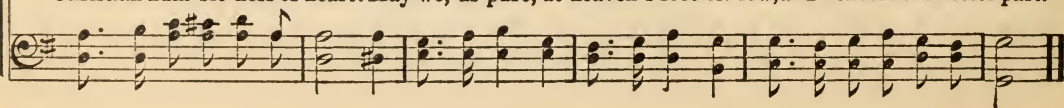
Chorus.



to the air, Their fragrant snow-white blossoms yield! O em-blems fair, O em-blems sweet, Of won-d'rous sight, As in their mod-est beau-ty, they! man they bear, For—unlike him—they know not sin.



Christian hum-ble-ness of heart! May we, as pure, at heaven's feet Sit low, and "choose the better part."



I'VE BEEN REDEEMED.

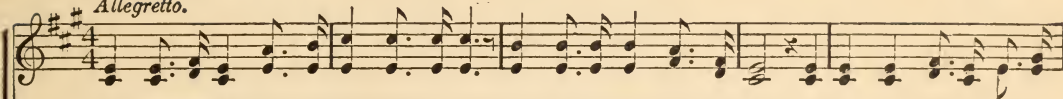
55

R. A. G.

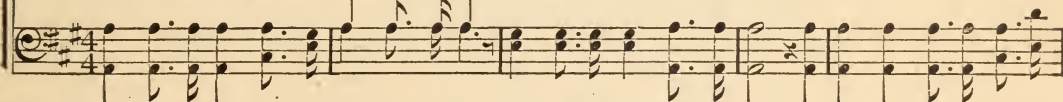
"For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."—Rev., 4: 9.

R. A. GLENN.

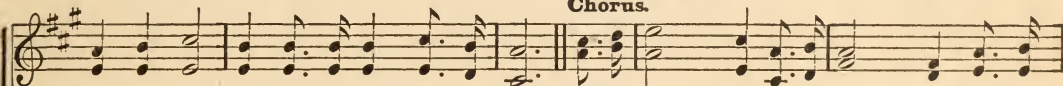
Allegretto.



1. I've been redeem'd thro' the blood of the Lamb, I've been redeem'd, been redeem'd; And now on Christ, the sol-id
2. Oh! what a Sa-vior, to love e-ven me, I've been redeem'd, been redeem'd; And now for ref-uge I to
3. I now can sing, tho' the storms o'er me roll, I've been redeem'd, been redeem'd; For Christ, my Sa-vior, hath re-



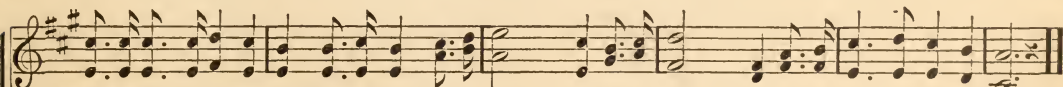
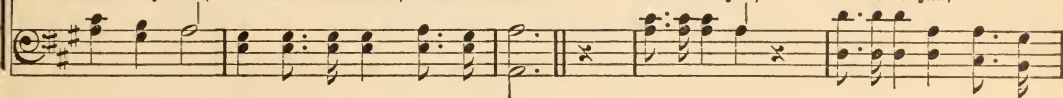
Chorus.



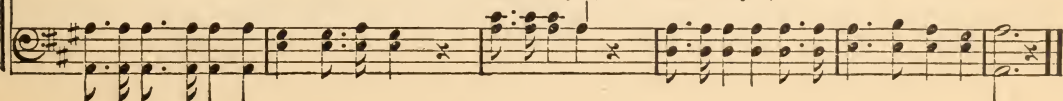
rock I stand, I've been redeemed, been re-deemed. Hal-le-lu - jah, Hal-le-lu - jah, Thro' the
Him may flee, I've been redeemed, been re-deemed.
deemed my soul, I've been redeemed, been re-deemed.

Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lu-jah,



precious blood of Je-sus I've been redeem'd, Hal-le-lu - jah, Hal-le-lu - jah, To the Lamb for sin-ners slain.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,



FEED MY LAMBS.

Duet.

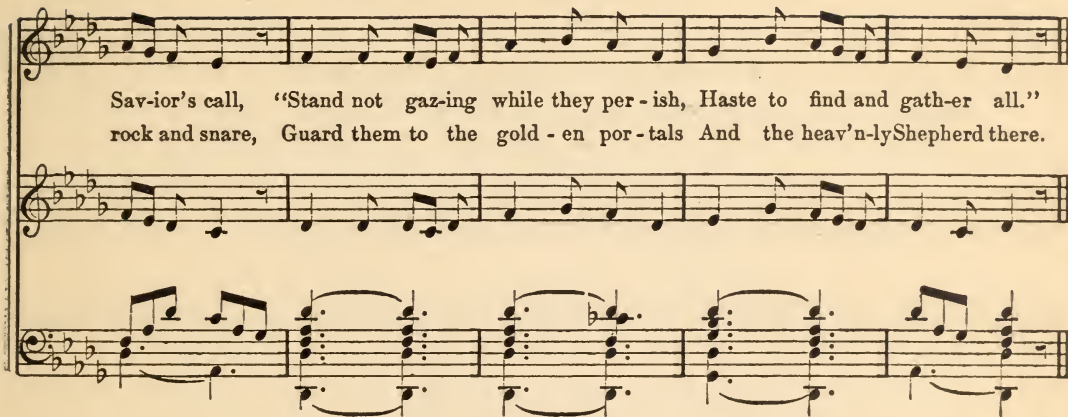
"Feed my lambs."—John. 21: 15.

WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

Andante.

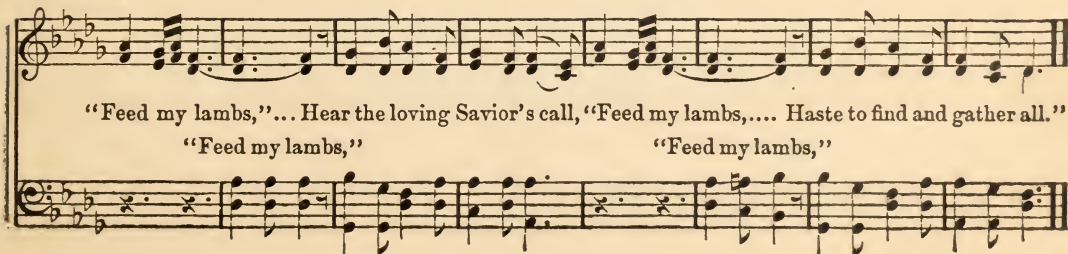
1. Hear the gentle Shepherd speaking, In His tones of tend' rest love, "Feed my lambs, oh, leave not any,
2. Hear and heed that earnest pleading, Haste to seek and gather in, All those dear ones for the Savior,

Who may reach my fold a - bove," "Feed my lambs, oh save and cher-ish," 'Tis the bless-ed
Ere their souls are stained by sin; Lead them in their up-ward journey, Guard their feet from



Sav-ior's call, "Stand not gaz-ing while they per-ish, Haste to find and gath-er all."
 rock and snare, Guard them to the gold-en por-tals And the heav'n-ly Shepherd there.

Chorus.



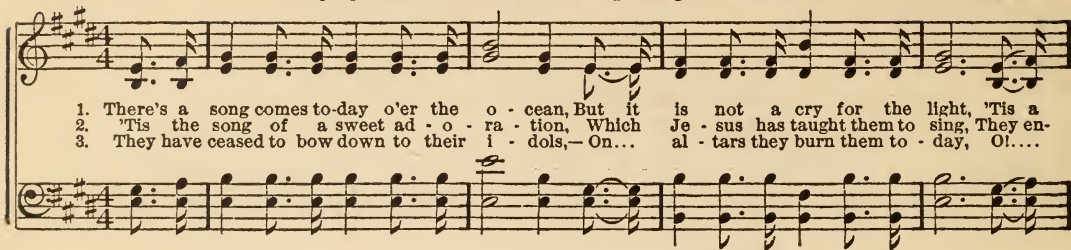
"Feed my lambs,"... Hear the loving Savior's call, "Feed my lambs,.... Haste to find and gather all."
 "Feed my lambs," "Feed my lambs,"

A SONG FROM O'ER THE OCEAN.

A. J. KRIDER.

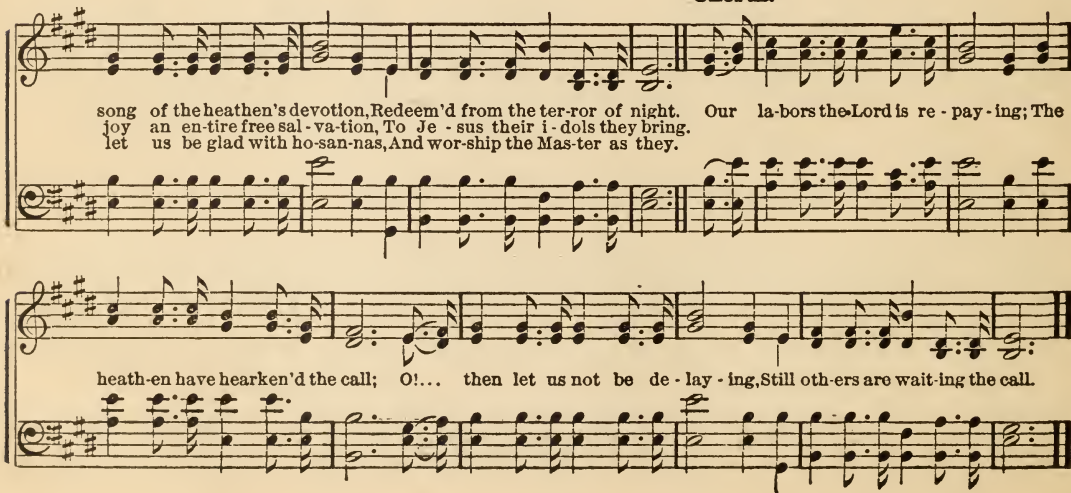
"The people which sat in darkness saw great light."—Math 4: 16.

J. F. KINSEY.



1. There's a song comes to-day o'er the o - cean, But it is not a cry for the light, 'Tis a
 2. 'Tis the song of a sweet ad - o - ra - tion, Which Je - sus has taught them to sing, They en-
 3. They have ceased to bow down to their i - dols,—On... al - tars they burn them to - day, O!...

Chorus.



song of the heathen's devotion, Redeem'd from the ter-ror of night. Our la-bors the Lord is re - pay - ing; The
 joy an en-tire free sal - va - tion, To Je - sus their i - dols they bring.
 let us be glad with ho-san-nas, And wor-ship the Mas-ter as they.

heath-en have hearken'd the call; O!... then let us not be de - lay - ing, Still oth-ers are wait-ing the call.

LOVE.

59

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16.

L. L. HAGAR.

GEO. E. MYERS.

1. God is love and his love to save us, We see in the gift of his Son. Heaven's bright-est
2. Our great sin and our grief was up-on him, By these he was sore-ly op-pressed, The good Fa-ther for

Chorus.

God is love, God is love, He

Jew-el he gave us, Or we'd be for-ev - er un-done. God is love, God is love,
us laid them on him, That we might have ref-uge and rest.

God is love,

gave us his Son that we might have life, God is love, God is love, He gave us his Son to re-deem us.

THE CLEANSING FLOOD.

"There shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

Melody by REV. W. M. WEEKLEY.

Harmonized by S. C. HANSON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uels veins, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joic'd to see, That fountain in his day; And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash
 3. Dear dy-ing Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the ransom'd church of God Are
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And

There is cleans-ing in Je-sus blood, There is cleans-ing for sin-ners
 all their guilt-y stains.
 all my sins a-way.
 saved to sin no more.
 shall be till I die.
 There is cleans-ing in Je-sus blood, There is cleans-ing for sin-ners
 There is cleans-ing in Je-sus blood, There is cleans-ing for sin-ners
 free; Will you come and be cleansed in the flood,..... Praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me.

sin-ners free; Will you come and be cleansed in this flood, Praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me.
 free; Will you come and be cleansed in this flood,..... Praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me.
 sin-ners free; Will you come and be cleansed in this flood, Praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me.

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

61

"Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation."—Isa. 28: 16.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

J. F. KINSEY.

Vigorous.

1. Take the sure foun - da-tion, Christ the cor-ner-stone. Lift the walls sal-va-tion, in his name a-lone, In the
 2. Work in faith u - ni-ted, work with earnest pray'r. Let it shine love-lighted, lay the stones with care, Polish'd
 3. With this con - se - cra-tion, build we ev - er on, Till his cor - o-nation, when our work is done, Liv-ing

Chorus.

field of duty, in the strength of truth, Temples build of beauty in the heart of youth. Build then the temples of his grace,
 stones, all gild-ed with the Savior's love, To the shrine is builded for the home above.
 temples, glorious for the Lord we rear, And the stones victorious shout "His name is here."

Make ye your hearts his dwelling place, Thro' tribulation we will all en-dure, This foundation standeth ev - er sure.

THE DEBT I OWE.

S. A. MUEL.

"And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—Isa. 53: 6.

S. C. HANSON.

1. My Fa-ther, I owe so much to thee— My life, my health, my all; Yet thou wilt pay the
 2. The work to be done is thine, O Lord, The work-ers, oh, how few! May ev - 'ry call with-
 3. My Fa-ther to thee I now re-sign, Since much I owe to thee, Oh, may I be for-

Chorus.

debt for me, When-e'er I heed thy call. I owe so much to thee, Fa-ther, For
 in thy Word, Each one with life in - bu.e.
 ev - er thine, Since thou'st been all to me.

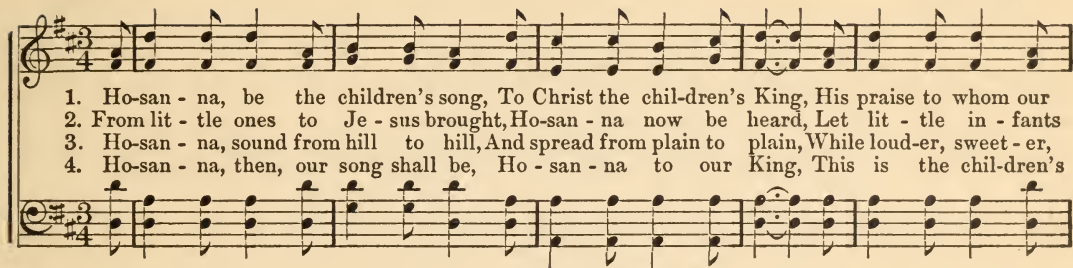
help to thee I call, No earth-ly hand can pay the debt, Yet thou can'st pay it all.

LET ALL THE CHILDEN SING.

63

J. F. K.

J. F. KINSEY.

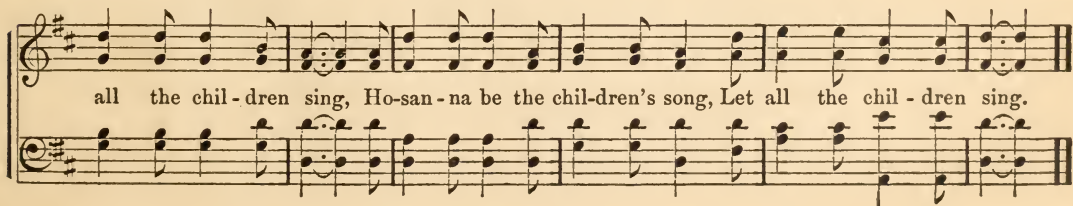


1. Ho-san - na, be the children's song, To Christ the chil-dren's King, His praise to whom our
 2. From lit - tle ones to Je - sus brought, Ho-san - na now be heard, Let lit - tle in - fants
 3. Ho-san - na, sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain, While loud-er, sweet-er,
 4. Ho-san - na, then, our song shall be, Ho - san - na to our King, This is the chil-dren's

Chorus.



souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing. Let all the chil - dren sing, Let
 now be taught To lisp that love - ly word.
 clear - er still, Words ech - o to the strain.
 ju - bi - lee, Let all the chil - dren sing.



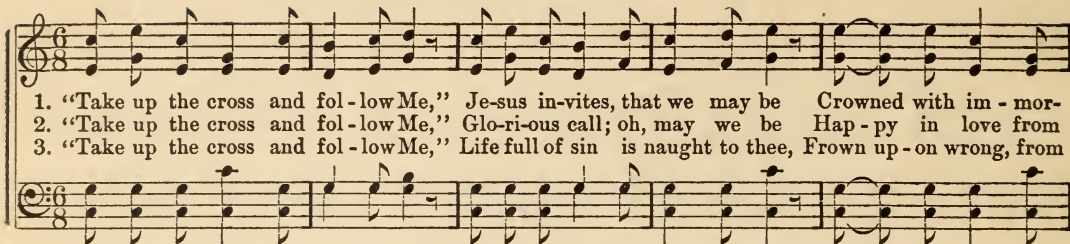
all the chil - dren sing, Ho-san - na be the chil-dren's song, Let all the chil - dren sing.

OH, HEAR HIS PLEA!

S. A. MUEL.

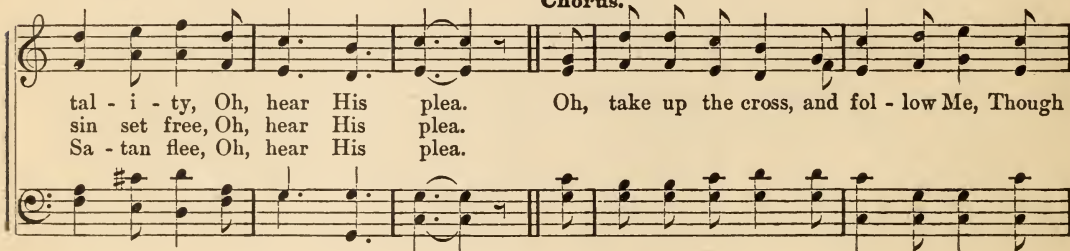
"Let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."—Mark 8: 24.

S. C. HANSON.

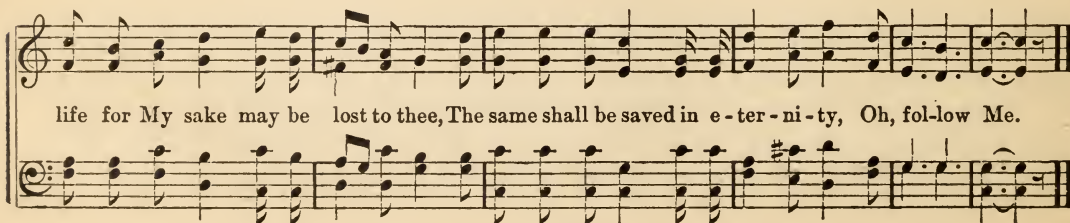


1. "Take up the cross and fol-low Me," Je-sus in-vites, that we may be Crowned with im-mor-
 2. "Take up the cross and fol-low Me," Glo-ri-ous call; oh, may we be Hap-py in love from
 3. "Take up the cross and fol-low Me," Life full of sin is naught to thee, Frown up-on wrong, from

Chorus.



tal - i - ty, Oh, hear His plea. Oh, take up the cross, and fol - low Me, Though
 sin set free, Oh, hear His plea.
 Sa - tan flee, Oh, hear His plea.



life for My sake may be lost to thee, The same shall be saved in e-ter-ni-ty, Oh, fol-low Me.

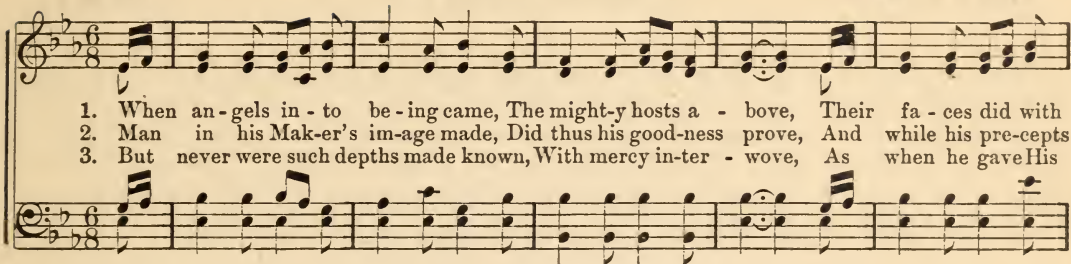
GOD IS LOVE.

65

L. L. HAGAR.


"For God is love."—1 John 4: 8.

Mrs. J. F. KINSEY.

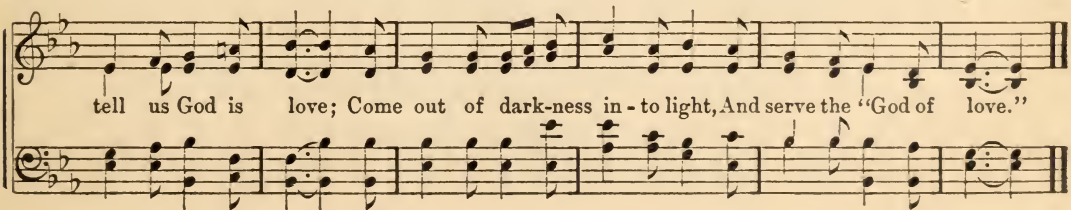


1. When an-gels in - to be-ing came, The might-y hosts a - bove, Their fa - ces did with
 2. Man in his Mak-er's im-age made, Did thus his good-ness prove, And while his pre-cepts
 3. But never were such depths made known, With mercy in-ter - wove, As when he gave His

Chorus.



glo - ry flame, Their song was "God is love." God is love,.... yes, God is love, They
 he o-bey'd, De-clared that "He is love."
 precious Son, To man - i - fest his love. God is love,



tell us God is love; Come out of dark-ness in - to light, And serve the "God of love."

ONE BY ONE.

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."—John 9: 4.
S. C. HANSON.

1. One by one the sands are flow-ing, One by one the mo-ments fall; Some are com-ing, some are
2. Ev-'ry hour that fleets so slow-ly, Has its task to do or bear; Lu-min-ous the crown and

go-ing, Do not strive to grasp them all. One by one thy du-ties wait thee, Let thy
ho-ly, If thou set each gem with care. Hours are gold-en links, God's to-ken, Reach-ing

whole strength go to each, Let no fu-ture dreams e-late thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.
heav'n but one by one, Take them, lest the chain be brok-en, Ere the pil-grim-age be done.

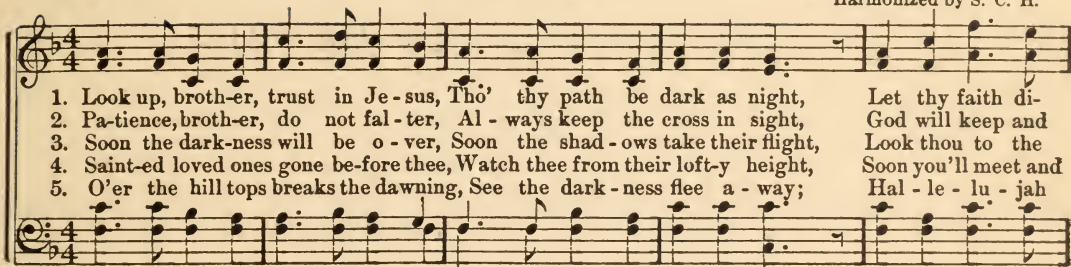
DAWNING LIGHT.

67

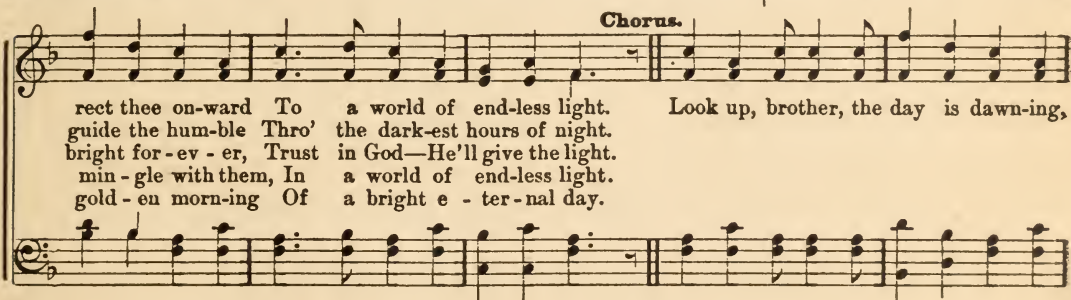
W. M. W.

"The night is far spent."

Melody by W. M. WEEKLEY.
Harmonized by S. C. H.



1. Look up, broth-er, trust in Je-sus, Tho' thy path be dark as night, Let thy faith di-
2. Pa-tience, broth-er, do not fal-ter, Al-ways keep the cross in sight, God will keep and
3. Soon the dark-ness will be o-ver, Soon the shad-ows take their flight, Look thou to the
4. Saint-ed loved ones gone be-fore thee, Watch thee from their loft-y height, Soon you'll meet and
5. O'er the hill tops breaks the dawning, See the dark-ness flee a-way; Hal-le-lu-jah



Chorus.

rect thee on-ward To a world of end-less light. Look up, brother, the day is dawn-ing,
guide the hum-ble Thro' the dark-est hours of night.
bright for-ev-er, Trust in God—He'll give the light.
min-gle with them, In a world of end-less light.
gold-en morn-ing Of a bright e-ter-nal day.



Light breaks in from yon-der shore; See the gold-en sun rays gleaming, Soon the darkness will be o'er.

COR MEUM TIBI DEDO.

Translation by J. E. G.

"I will praise thee with my whole heart."—Psa. 86: 12.

S. C. HANSON.

1. My heart to thee I of-fer, O Je-sus, love-liest one! Lo! heart for heart I
 2. To Grace, what shall I ren-der, That deigned my flesh to wear? To Love, what ser-vice
 3. Thy heart is wide un-fold-ed, For me to en-ter in; That mine to thine close
 4. In this I've sure sal-va-tion; In this, se-cure re-pose. My love, its firm foun-

prof-fer, O Je-sus, sweet-est one! 'Tis hearts a-lone are sought of thee; 'Tis
 ten-der, That stooped my ills to share? Give me, thou say'st, that heart of thine; My
 fold-ed, May lose both self and sin. Ah, Je-sus mine! 'twas love di-vine, That
 da-tion, My heart, its bul-wark knows. This rock was cleft to let me in, This

on-ly hearts are loved by thee; Might my love e-qual thine for me, O Je-sus, sweet-est one!
 heart I bring, see, Je-sus mine! Could I love thee as thou lov'st me, O Je-sus, ten-d'rest one!
 reck'd not pain my love to gain, Let me love thee as thou dost me, O Je-sus, sweet-est one!
 heart grew warm my heart to win, This my de-fence my life from hence, O Je-sus, dear-est one!

I WOULD SING.

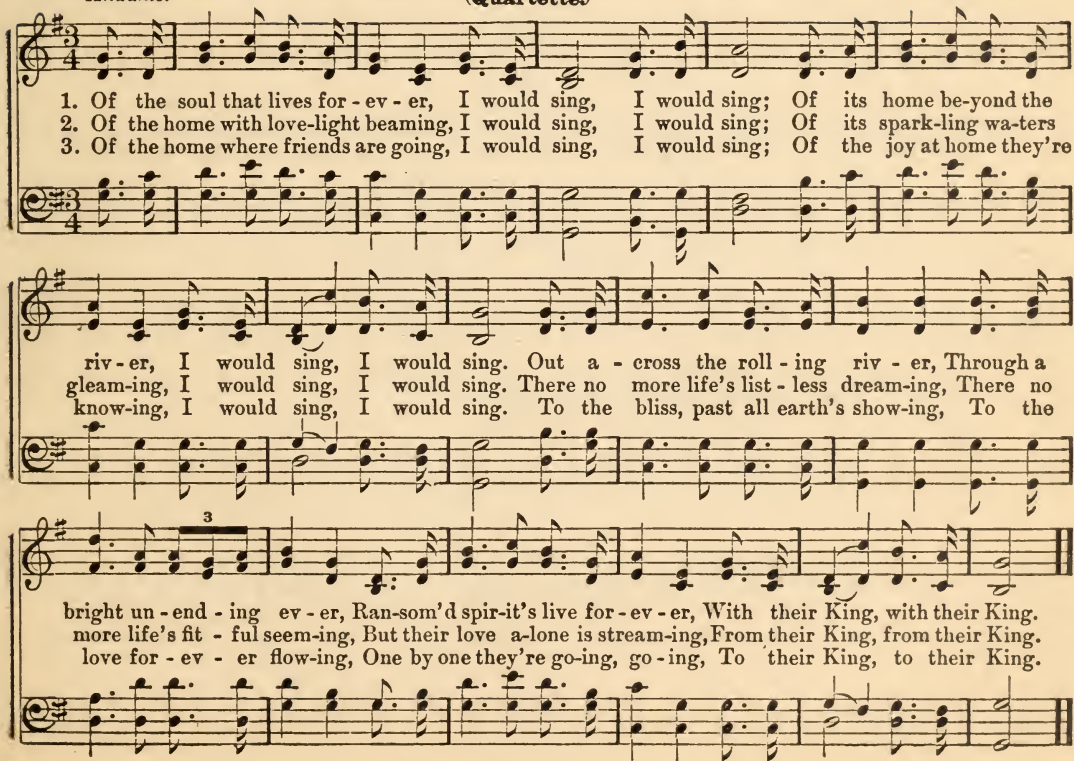
69

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.
Andante.

"The righteous doth sing and rejoice."—Prov. 29: 6.

J. F. KINSEY.

(Quartette.)



1. Of the soul that lives for - ev - er, I would sing, I would sing; Of its home be-yond the
 2. Of the home with love-light beaming, I would sing, I would sing; Of its spark-ling wa-ters
 3. Of the home where friends are going, I would sing, I would sing; Of the joy at home they're

riv - er, I would sing, I would sing. Out a - cross the roll - ing riv - er, Through a
 gleam-ing, I would sing, I would sing. There no more life's list - less dream-ing, There no
 know-ing, I would sing, I would sing. To the bliss, past all earth's show-ing, To the

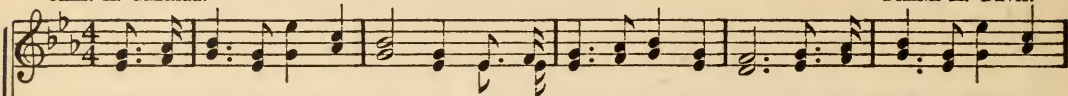
bright un - end - ing ev - er, Ran-som'd spir-it's live for - ev - er, With their King, with their King.
 more life's fit - ful seem-ing, But their love a-lone is stream-ing, From their King, from their King.
 love for - ev - er flow-ing, One by one they're go-ing, go-ing, To their King, to their King.

BE UP AND DOING.

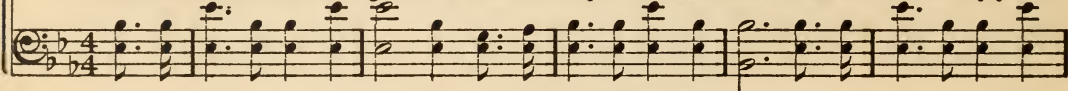
"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—John 4: 35.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

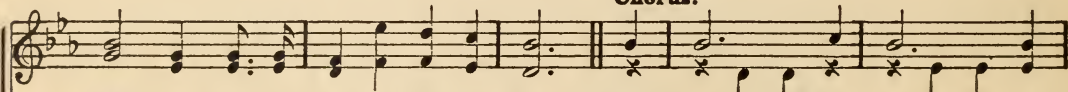
FRANK M. DAVIS.



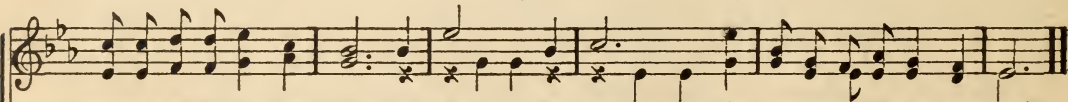
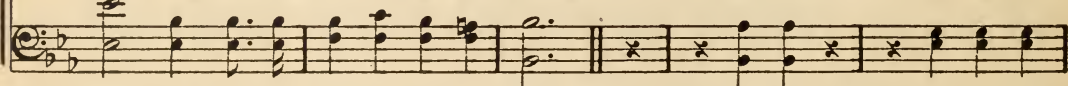
1. Chris-tian, wake, be up and do - ing, For the har-vest time goes by. See the fields are white al-
2. Gath - er in the wea - ry wan-d'rers To the ser - vice of the Lord; Faint not, Chris-tian, be not
3. When the last sheaf home is gath-er'd And the reap-er's work is done, Great will be their joy and



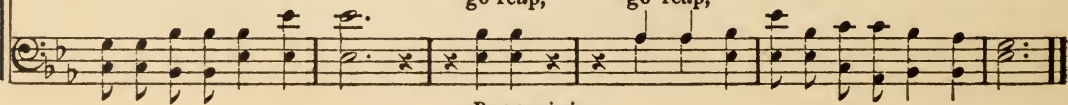
Chorus.



read - y And the reap-er's loi-ter by. Go reap, go reap, The
wea - ry, Work, and great your last re - ward.
glad - ness Round the Mas-ter's snow white throne. go reap, go reap,



har-vest of the Lord is great, Go reap, go reap, No lon-ger i-dle stand and wait.
go reap, go reap,



By permission,

AT THE CROWNING.

71

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life."—James 1: 12.
Mrs. LIZZIE-UNDERWOOD. S. C. HANSON.

1. When the Sav - lor counts his jew - els, Will I be num - ber'd there? When he crowns his faith - ful
 2. When he calls the roll of heav - en, Will my name be writ - ten down? When the faith - ful are re -
 3. Lov - ing Sav - lor keep me watch - ing, That I the bliss may share, When thou com - est in thy
 4. Now my soul looks up with rap - ture, I may the crown - ing share, Je - sus bought me, saves me,

chil - dren, Will I the crown - ing share? At the crown - ing in the king - dom, Will
 ward - ed, Will I re - ceive a crown? At the crown - ing in the king - dom, Will
 king - dom, Let me, let me be there. At the crown - ing in the king - dom, Let
 keeps me, I will, I will be there. At the crown - ing in the king - dom, I

I the crown - ing share? At the crown - ing in the king - dom, Will I the crown - ing share?
 I re - ceive a crown? At the crown - ing in the king - dom, Will I re - ceive a crown?
 me, let me be there, At the crown - ing in the king - dom, Let me, let me be there.
 will, I will be there, At the crown - ing in the king - dom, I will, I will be there.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

PRES. I. L. KEPHART, D. D.

"I feel in myself the future life."—Victor Hugo.

J. B. LESLIE.

1. Yes, I shall live for - ev - er, I feel it more and more, As I to death draw
 2. I breathe this ver - y mo - ment. The fra-grance of its air, — The per - fume of its
 3. My mor - tal frame grows wea - ry, Death will my bod - y stay; But, O! the tomb's not
 4. To - ward the sky I'm ris - ing, The Lord has pow'r to save; Heav'n lights with bright re-

near - er, I near the im - mor - tal shore, O, glo - rious life, no more of strife, My
 ro - ses, That bloom for - ev - er there, Earth's sun is on me shin - ing, Its
 drear - y To heaven it leads the way. It clo - ses in the twi - light To
 flee - tion The world be - yond the grave. Roll on, then, gold - en mo - ments, Your

ransomed soul shall know, As upward I rise to my home in the sky, I'll bid it all a - dieu.
 gen'rous warmth I feel; But the un - seen world is shed - ding its blessing up - on my soul.
 o - pen in the dawn Of heaven's e - ter - nal sun - light, A bright ce - les - tial morn.
 rap - id flight to me, Is on - ly a pleasant jour - ney, To blest e - ter - nal day.

THE ROCK.

73

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

"He only is my Rock and my salvation."—Psa. 62: 2.

GEO. E. MYERS.

1. On the Rock of my sal - va - tion, Sav - ior I am build - ing up, Sure and stead - fast
2. Rest - ing on the Rock e - ter - nal, Hid - ing in its shel - t' - ringe left, Car - ing not for
3. On the Rock and near the por - tal, Fear - ing nei - ther wind nor wave, Hast - ning on to

Chorus.

the foun - da - tion, Ground - work of my on - ly hope. On the Rock, on the Rock, On the
things ex - ter - nal, Sing - ing— all for thee I left.
life im - mor - tal, Wait - ing me be - yond the grave. On the sol - id Rock, On the sol - id Rock, On the

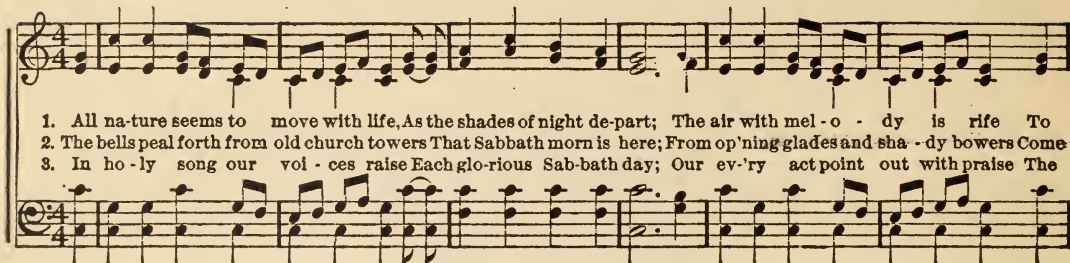
"Rock of A - ges" I will build, On the Rock, On the Rock, On the Rock of Christ I'll build.
"Rock of A - ges" I will build, On the solid Rock, On the solid Rock, On the Rock of Christ I'll build.

THE BLESSED SABBATH DAY.

S. A. MUEL.

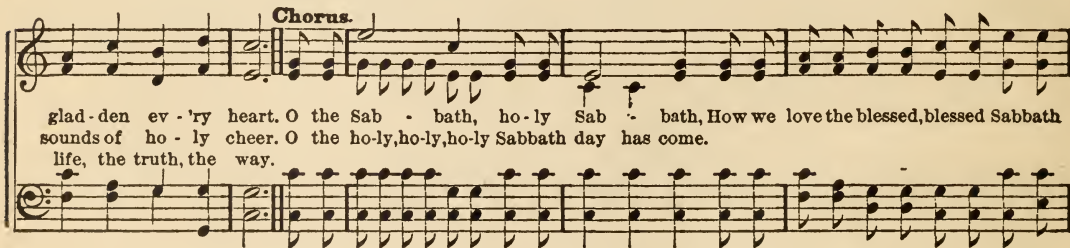
"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Ex. 20: 8.

S. M. LUTZ.

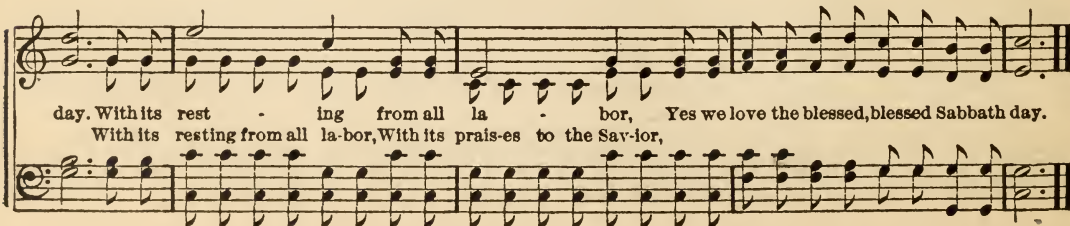


1. All na-ture seems to move with life, As the shades of night de-part; The air with mel-o - dy is rife To
 2. The bells peal forth from old church towers That Sabbath morn is here; From op'ning glades and sha - dy bowers Come
 3. In ho - ly song our vol - ces raise Each glo - rious Sab - bath day; Our ev - 'ry act point out with praise The

Chorus.



glad - den ev - 'ry heart. O the Sab - bath, ho - ly Sab - bath, How we love the blessed, blessed Sabbath
 sounds of ho - ly cheer. O the ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Sabbath day has come.
 life, the truth, the way.



day. With its rest - ing from all la - bor, Yes we love the blessed, blessed Sabbath day.
 With its resting from all la - bor, With its prais - es to the Sav - ior,

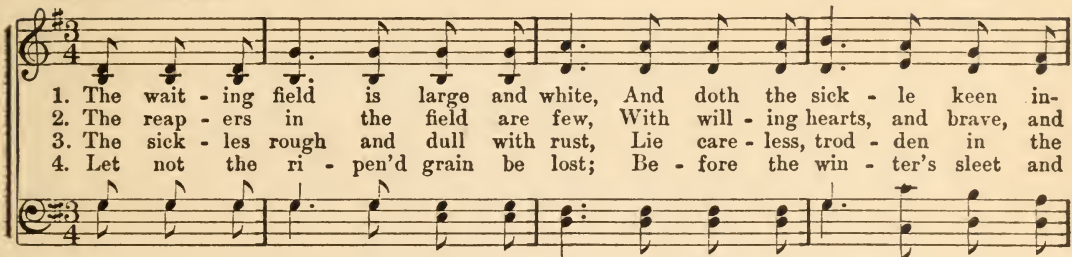
MY FATHER'S BUSINESS.

75

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—John 4: 35.

Rev. W. T. SLEEPER.

S. C. H.

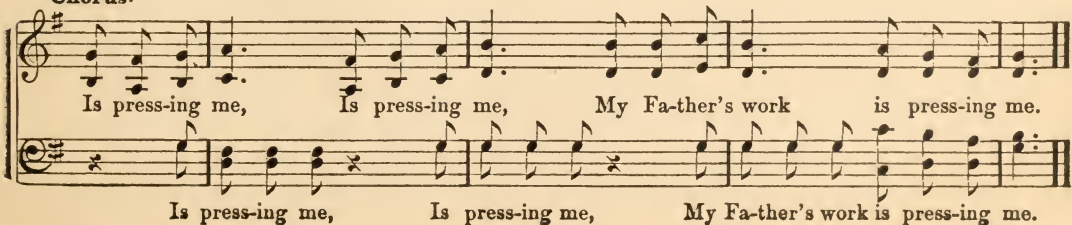


1. The wait - ing field is large and white, And doth the sick - le keen in-
 2. The reap - ers in the field are few, With will - ing hearts, and brave, and
 3. The sick - les rough and dull with rust, Lie care - less, trod - den in the
 4. Let not the ri - pen'd grain be lost; Be - fore the win - ter's sleet and



vite; Yea ma - ny droop - ing plants I see, My Fa - ther's work is press - ing me.
 true; Help must be sum-mon'd speed - i - ly; My Fa - ther's work is press - ing me.
 dust; Sharp-en'd and fur-bish'd must they be; My Fa - ther's work is press - ing me.
 frost, It must be gar - ner'd faith - ful - ly; My Fa - ther's work is press - ing me.

Chorus.

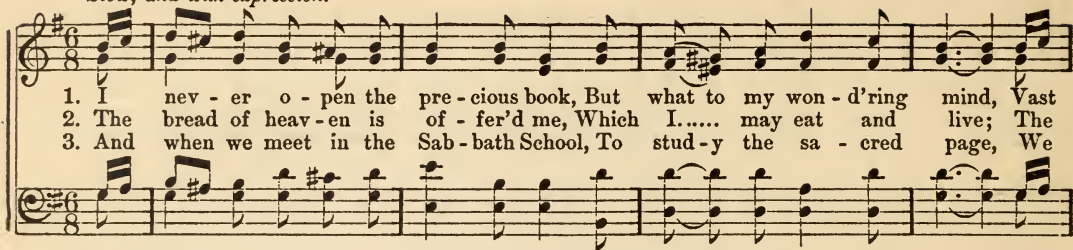


Is press-ing me, Is press-ing me, My Fa-ther's work is press-ing me.
 Is press-ing me, Is press-ing me, My Fa-ther's work is press-ing me.

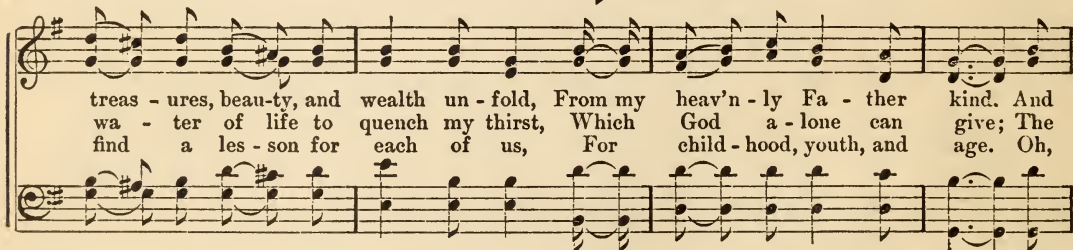
THE WONDERFUL WORD.

Mrs. W. M. BELL.

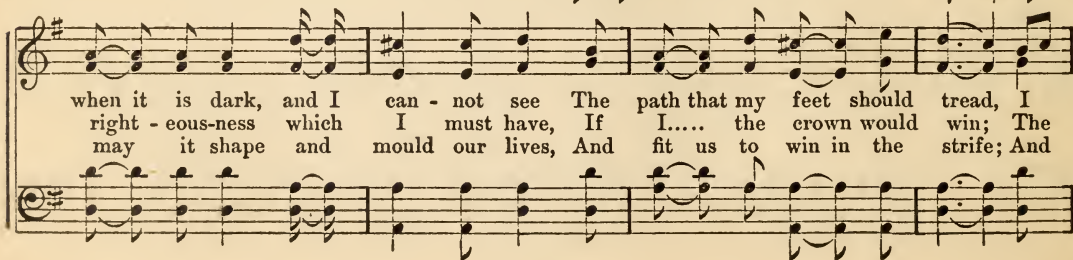
J. F. KINSEY.

Slow, and with expression.


1. I nev - er o - pen the pre - cious book, But what to my won - d'ring mind, Vast
 2. The bread of heav - en is of - fer'd me, Which I..... may eat and live; The
 3. And when we meet in the Sab - bath School, To stud - y the sa - cred page, We



treas - ures, beau - ty, and wealth un - fold, From my heav'n - ly Fa - ther kind. And
 wa - ter of life to quench my thirst, Which God a - lone can give; The
 find a les - son for each of us, For child - hood, youth, and age. Oh,

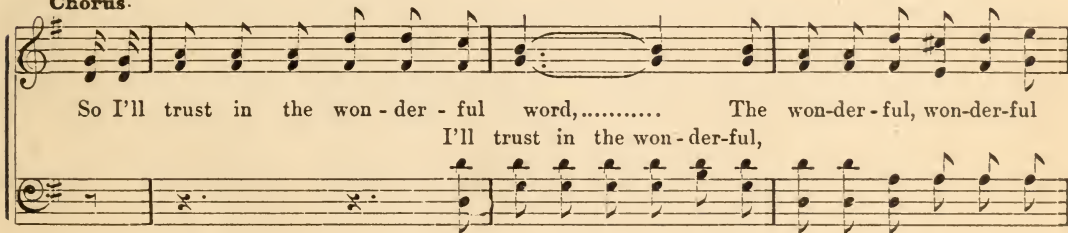


when it is dark, and I can - not see The path that my feet should tread, I
 right - eous - ness which I must have, If I..... the crown would win; The
 may it shape and mould our lives, And fit us to win in the strife; And

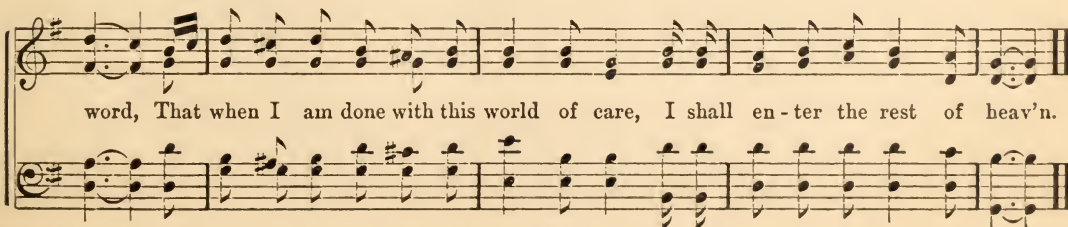


turn to the Bi - ble and light breaks forth, And glo - ry shines round my head.
 grace I need.... from day to day To keep me from all sin.
 when we reach home... we'll thank the Lord For the won - der - ful word of life.

Chorus.



So I'll trust in the won - der - ful word,..... The won - der - ful, won - der - ful
 I'll trust in the won - der - ful,



word, That when I am done with this world of care, I shall en - ter the rest of heav'n.

LAND OF BEULAH.

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."—Psa., 122: 2.

S. C. HANSON.

1. I am dwelling on the mountain Where the gold - en sun-light gleams, O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-
 2. I can see far down the mountain Where we groped for ma - ny years, When to - geth - er in the darkness With the
 3. Tell me not of heav-y cross-es, Or of bur-dens hard to bear, For I find this great sal-va-tion Makes each
 4. Oh the cross has wondrous beauty, Oft I've found this to be true; When I'm in the way so nar-row, I can

ceeds my fondest dreams; Where the air is pure ethereal, Laden with the breath of flow'rs, That are blooming at the fountain
 ghost of doubts and fears; Broken vows and disappointments Thickly sprinkled all the way, But the spirits led un - er - ring
 burden light a - pear. And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Gladly counting all but dross, Worldly hon - or all for - sak - ing,
 see my pathway thro', And how sweetly Jesus whispers: "Take the cross, thou need'st not fear, I have trod the way before thee,

Chorus.

'Neath the amaranthine bowers. Is not this..... the land of Beu-lah, Blessed, bless - ed land of
 To the land I hold to-day.
 For the glo - ry of the cross.
 And the glo - ry ling - ers near. Is not this the land of Beu-lah, land of Beu-lah, Bless-ed, bless-ed land of

LAND OF BEULAH. Concluded.

79

light, Where the flow - ers bloom for-ev-er, And the sun - light fadeth not.
 light, land of light, Where the flowers bloom for-ev-er, bloom for-ev-er, And the sunlight fadeth not, fadeth not.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

H. J. HYATT.

Andante.

1. O Je - sus, take me to thy heart, And bless me, then I shall be blest. O,
 2. Lord, look up - on a lit - tle child, In na - ture sin - ful, rude and wild; And
 3. Make me thy child, a child of God; Washed in my Sav - ior's pre - cious blood; Both

Rit.

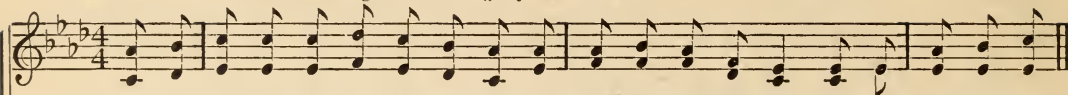
put thy gra - cious hand on me, And make me all I ought to be.
 my whole heart from sin set free, A lit - tle ves - sel full of thee.
 when I wake and when I sleep, Thy lit - tle lamb in safe - ty keep.

LABORING FOR THE MASTER.

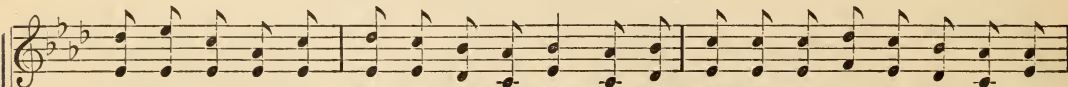
VIOLET E. KING.

"God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love."—Heb. 6: 10.

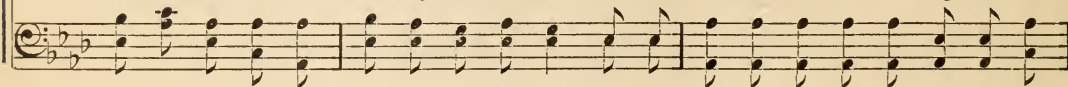
J. H. KYLE.



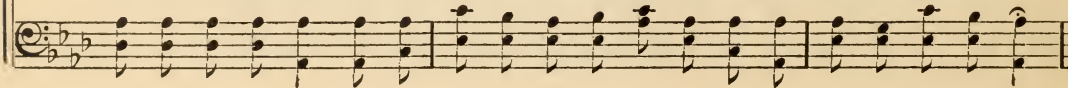
1. As we la - bor for the Mas - ter In the glo - rious cause of right, Let us la - bor with
2. Just a word if kind - ly spo - ken, Oft a world of good will do, Let us, then be ev -
3. Thus our lives will be like sun - shine, Mak - ing all a - round us glad, For we'll ev - er strive



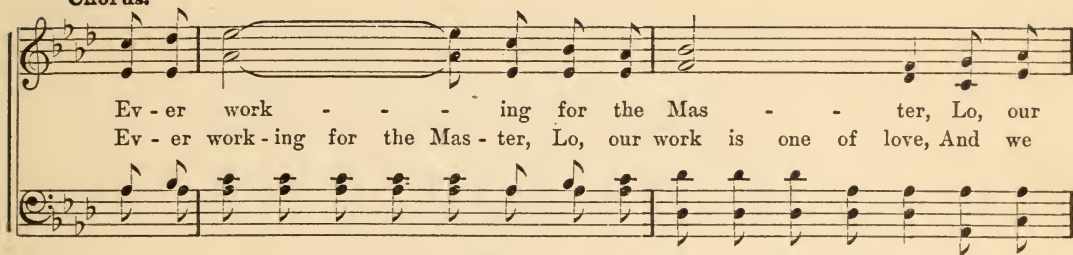
a pleas - ure, It will make our la - bors light, There is much we can be do - ing, Let us
er striv - ing Some lone path with flow'rs to strew, Let us wan - der to the by - ways, For we
to com - fort Those who wea - ry are and sad, And the God who is our ref - uge, Ev - er



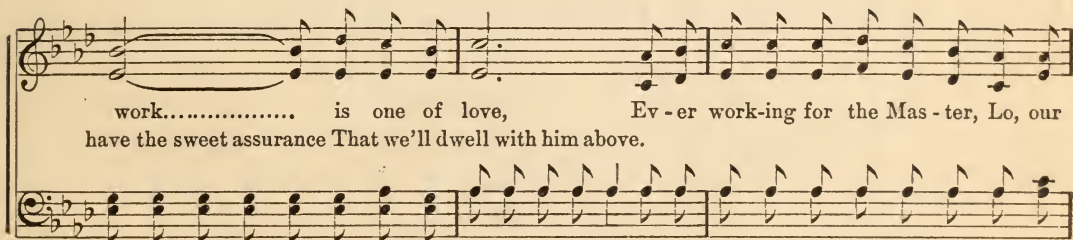
work, then with a will, Strive the bur - den'd heart to light - en Ere it grows for - ev - er still.
there some soul may win, And some fall - en broth - er res - cue From the haunts of vice and sin.
will as in the past, Guide us in the way of du - ty, We shall dwell with him at last.



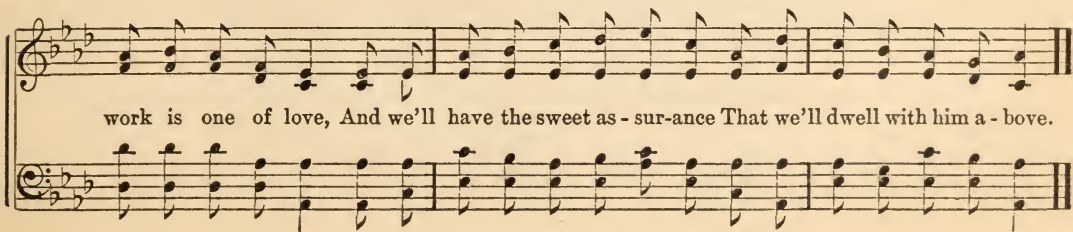
Chorus.



Ev - er work - - - ing for the Mas - - - ter, Lo, our
Ev - er work - ing for the Mas - ter, Lo, our work is one of love, And we



work..... is one of love, Ev - er work - ing for the Mas - ter, Lo, our
have the sweet assurance That we'll dwell with him above.



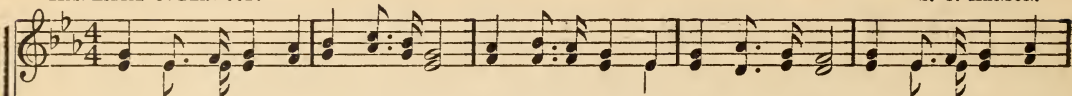
work is one of love, And we'll have the sweet as - sur - ance That we'll dwell with him a - bove.

IN THE FOLD.

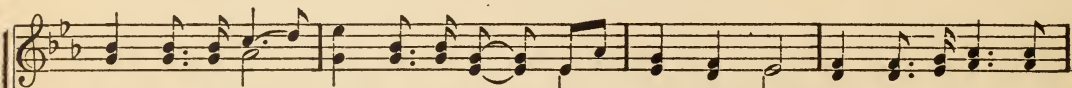
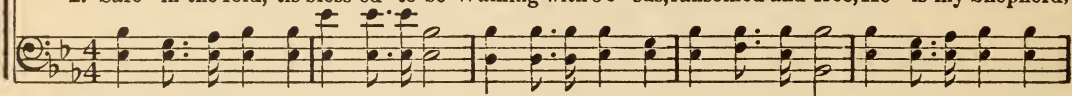
"Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out."—Ezek. 34: 11.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

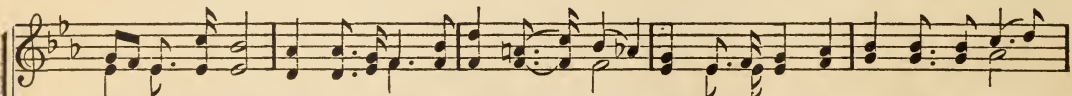
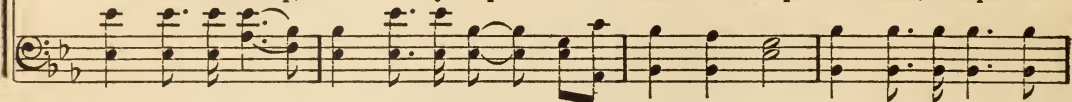
S. C. HANSON.



1. Out of the fold I wandered away, Cold was the night and gloomy the day, Dark were the paths of
2. Safe in the fold, 'tis bless-ed to be Walking with Je - sus, ransomed and free, He is my Shepherd,



fol - ly and sin, And wea - ry the feet that walked there - in. Sad was the heart, and
I am his sheep, Close to my Shepherd's side would I keep. He leads, oh depths of



heav - y the load, Out of the fold, a-way from my God, Wea - ry of worldly pleas-ure and sin
in - fin - ite love, Leadeth me safe to the fold a - bove, Bless-ed Redeem-er, saves me from sin,



Chorus.

Back to his fold he gather'd me in. Gather'd me in, he gather'd me in, Wea-ry of wand'ring,
Back to his fold he gather'd me in.

weary of sin, Back to his fold he gather'd me in, He gather'd me in, yes gather'd me in.

TALLULAH.

S. C. HANSON.

1. Soft-ly fades the twilight ray, Of the holy Sabbath day; Gently as life's setting sun, When the christian's course is run.
2. Peace is on the world abroad, 'Tis the holy peace of God, Symbol of the peace within, When the spirit rests from sin.
3. Sav-ior, may our Sabbaths be, Days of peace and joy in thee, Till in heav'n our souls repose, Where the Sabbaths ne'er (shall close).

HOW GOOD THOU ART!

"Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things."—Isa. 12: 5.

J. F. KINSEY.

Slow and prayerfully.

1. How good thou art! my Sav-ior dear, How gra-cious un-to me! So ten-der in thy
 2. How good thou art! my Sav-ior dear, My loy-al heart would bring The sweet-est, tru-est,
 3. How good thou art! my Sav-ior dear, Some day, oh let me bring A song of praise that

faith-ful-ness, Thy love so full and free! Thy love so full and free, Thy love so full and
 full-est notes A thank-ful heart can sing, A thank-ful heart can sing, A thank-ful heart can
 thou wilt own, My Sav-ior and my King, My Sav-ior and my King, My Sav-ior and my

free; So faith-ful in thy ten-der-ness, Thy love so full and free.
 sing, The sweet-est, tru-est, full-est notes, A thank-ful heart can sing.
 King, A song of praise that thou wilt own, My Sav-ior and my King.

THE HIGHWAY.

85

Pres. I. L. KEPHART, D. D.

"It shall be called the King's highway of holiness."—Isa. 35.

S. C. HANSON.

1. There's a way that leads to life, Ho - ly, high and free from sin; Safe re-mov'd from fear and
 2. Yon - der see that bliss - ful throng Shout-ing glo - ry to their King; Hear them sing that sweet "new
 3. Who are there 'mid toil and strife, Shed-ding peace and joy a - round; Good-ness beam-ing in their
 4. Broth-er, sis - ter, join our band; Come and walk the King's high-way; Give us here your heart and

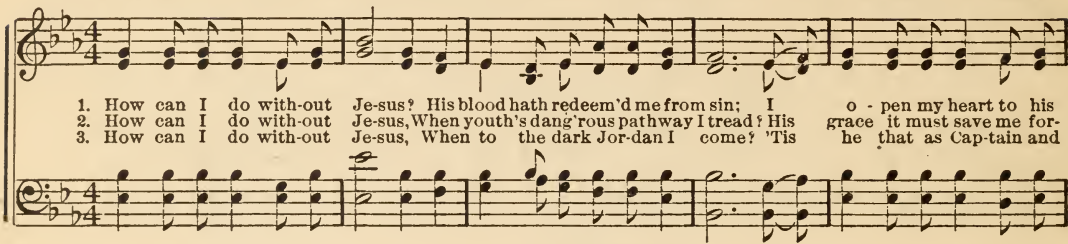
Chorus.

strife,—Hap - py they who walk there-in. 'Tis a straight way, beau - ti - ful high-way, Lead-ing
 song!" Hear the vaults of heav-en ring. They all walked the beau - ti - ful high-way, Thro' this
 life? They this ho - ly way have found. 'Tis a ho - ly, beau - ti - ful high-way, And it
 hand; Now the heav'n-ly call o - bey. Come now walk this beau - ti - ful high-way, Per - fect

on to joys di - vine, O my broth-er,—care-worn trav - 'ler,—Choose the King's high-way as thine.
 world of death and sin; Now they sing re-demp-tion's sto - ry Till the vaults of heav - en ring.
 leads to joys di - vine; All who walk this holi - ness high-way, En - ter in - to joys sub-lime.
 ho - ll-ness at - tain; Thro' the blood of Christ is giv - en Per - fect free-dom from all sin.

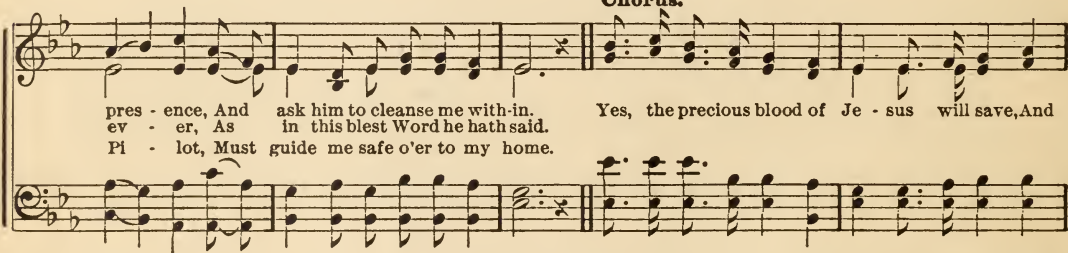
HOW CAN I DO WITHOUT JESUS?

Rev. W. M. BELL. "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. 6: 23. Mrs. J. F. KINSEY.

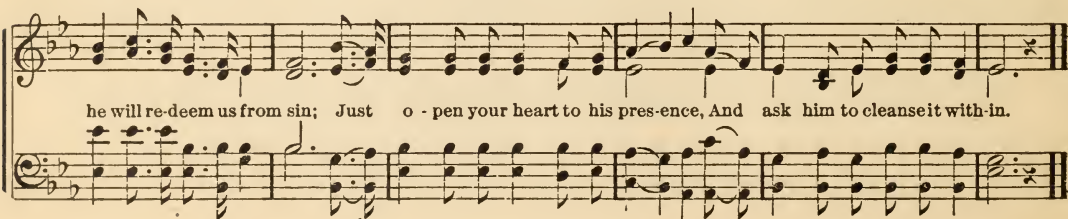


1. How can I do with-out Je-sus? His blood hath redeem'd me from sin; I o - pen my heart to his
 2. How can I do with-out Je-sus, When youth's dang'rous pathway I tread? His grace it must save me for-
 3. How can I do with-out Je-sus, When to the dark Jordan I come? 'Tis he that as Cap-tain and

Chorus.



pres - ence, And ask him to cleanse me with-in. Yes, the precious blood of Je - sus will save, And
 ev - er, As in this blest Word he hath said.
 Pl - lot, Must guide me safe o'er to my home.



he will re-deem us from sin; Just o - pen your heart to his pres-ence, And ask him to cleanse it with-in.

O'ER THE TIDE.

87

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22: 1.
 "And on either side of the river, was there the tree of life."—Rev. 22: 2.

A. JAY. KRIDER.

W. F. HEATH.

1. O - ver the tide where we may not see, While we are on the shores of time,
 2. There, we are told, is a king - dom pure, Free from the pangs of guilt and shame,
 3. O - ver death's riv - er, to us un - known, There are some friends of years gone by,

There, we are told, is a shad - 'wy tree, And a white throne with courts sub-lime.
 And of a home that will long en - dure, Ev - en to end - less years the same.
 When shall we clasp in our arms each one Whom we have bade a long good-bye.

Chorus.

O'er the tide, O'er the tide, When shall we see the oth - er side?

SOWING THE TARES.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6: 7.

* Words by a CONVICT.

S. C. HANSON.

1. Sowing the tares when it might have been wheat, Sow - ing of mal - ice, spite and de - ceit, We might have sown ro -
 2. Sow - ing the tares, how dark the black sin, Ming - ling a curse with life's sweetest hymn; And heeding no an -
 3. Sow - ing the tares, that brings sorrow down, Robs of its jew - els life's fair - est crown; And turn - ing to sil -
 4. Sow - ing the tares un - der cov - er of night, Which might have been wheat, all golden and bright; O heart, turn to God

Refrain.

ses a - mid life's sad cares, While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares. Sow - ing, Sow - ing, What
 guish, no pit - e - ous pray'rs, While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.
 ver the once golden hairs, Grown whiter and whiter as we sowed the tares.
 with re - pen - tance and pray'r, And plead for forgiveness for sowing the tares. Sowing the tares, Sowing the tares,

anguish we've felt for sowing the tares, Sow - ing, Sow - ing, We plead for forgiveness for sowing the tares.
 Sowing the tares, Sowing the tares,

* The above words, excepting the first half of the refrain, were written by a prisoner in the Maryland Penitentiary immediately after hearing Mr. D. L. Moody.

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WE ARE WORKERS.

89

"Busy Gleaners" Song.

J. F. KINSEY.

Con Spirito.

1. Lord, thou call - est for the work - ers, Glad we come at thy com - mand,
 2. Pa - tient all the day we la - bor, Still at night the temp - ter sows,
 3. Our is toil that knows no sea - son, Day and night to us is one,

Chorus.

Give us each the work-er's out-fit, Lov-ing heart and read-y hand. We are workers,
 Tares of sin, where we had planted, Sharon's fair and fade-less rose.
 Win-ter with us blooms as sum-mer, Ours is an e - ter-nal sun. we are workers,

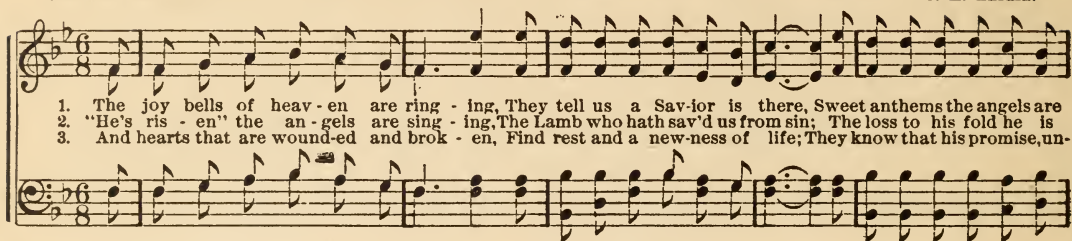
In the vine-yard of the Lord, Give us each the work-er's out-fit, Lov-ing heart and read-y hand.

THE JOY BELLS OF HEAVEN.

"And they worshiped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy."—Luke 24: 52.

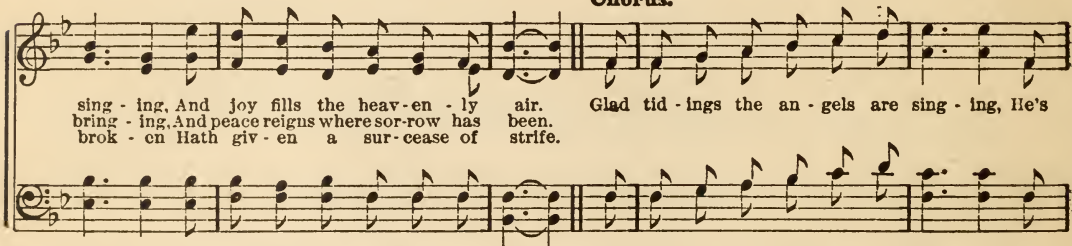
NEVA E. PARKHILL.

C. E. LESLIE.

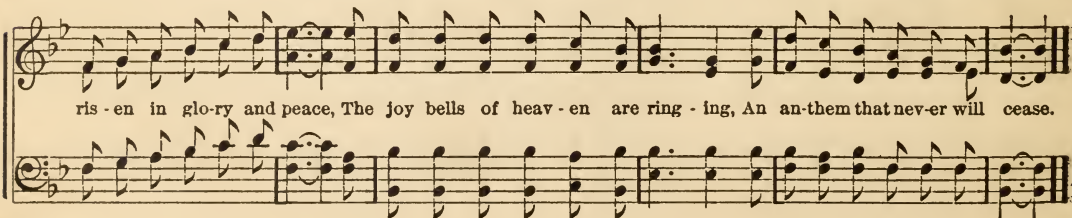


1. The joy bells of heav-en are ring-ing, They tell us a Sav-ior is there, Sweet anthems the angels are
 2. "He's ris-en" the an-gels are sing-ing, The Lamb who hath sav'd us from sin; The loss to his fold he is
 3. And hearts that are wound-ed and brok-en, Find rest and a new-ness of life; They know that his promise, un-

Chorus.



sing-ing, And joy fills the heav-en-ly air. Glad tid-ings the an-gels are sing-ing, He's
 bring-ing, And peace reigns where sor-row has been.
 brok-en Hath giv-en a sur-cease of strife.



ris-en in glo-ry and peace, The joy bells of heav-en are ring-ing, An an-them that nev-er will cease.

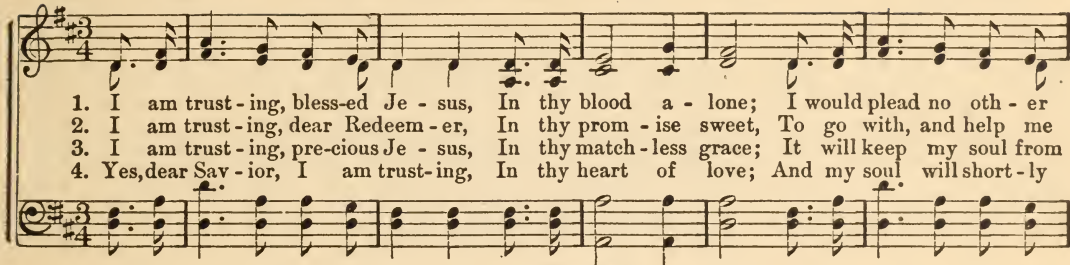
TRUSTING IN JESUS.

91

REV. C. I. B. BRANE.

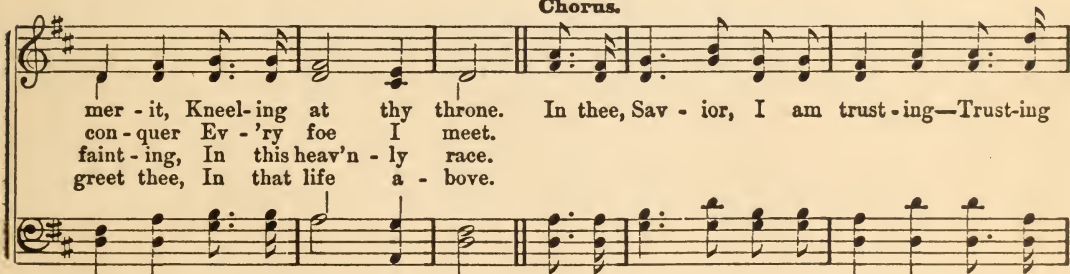
"My heart trusteth in him, and I am helped."—Psa. 28: 7.

S. C. HANSON.

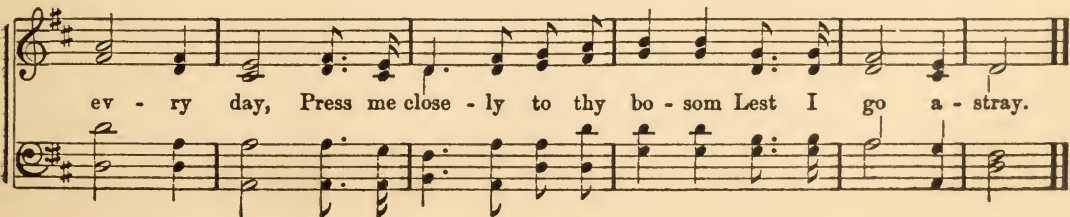


1. I am trust-ing, bless-ed Je - sus, In thy blood a - lone; I would plead no oth - er
 2. I am trust-ing, dear Redeem-er, In thy prom - ise sweet, To go with, and help me
 3. I am trust-ing, pre-cious Je - sus, In thy match-less grace; It will keep my soul from
 4. Yes, dear Sav - ior, I am trust-ing, In thy heart of love; And my soul will short - ly

Chorus.



mer - it, Kneel-ing at thy throne. In thee, Sav - ior, I am trust-ing—Trust-ing
 con - quer Ev - 'ry foe I meet.
 faint - ing, In this heav'n - ly race.
 greet thee, In that life a - bove.



ev - ry day, Press me close - ly to thy bo - som Lest I go a - stray.

HASTE, FOR TIME IS FLYING.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16: 15. J. F. KINSEY.

1. They are wait - ing day by day, The poor heath - en far a - way, In the dark-ness and the gloom of
 2. Ye to whom in ear - ly youth, Came the pre-cious words of truth, Think of heath-en chil-dren dwell-ing
 3. O, our pray'rs are weak and low, But to God's high throne they go, Give, for lan-guish gifts to you, his

i - dol shrines, Wea - ry heart and tear - ful eye. See the drear - y hours go by,
 far a - way, Kin - dle ye a beac - on light, That shall pierce thro' er - rors night,
 hand has giv'n, Work, the ear - nest heart shall win, Storm the pris - on bold of sin,

Chorus.

And for them the star of prom-ise never-shines. Haste, haste, haste, for time is flying, Send the Bi-ble, Send it now,
 Till the dis-tant lands re-joice in gos-pel day.
 And the ransom'd soul shall shine, the stars of heav'n.

HASTE, FOR TIME IS FLYING. Concluded.

93

News from heav'nly homes a-bove, Tid-ing of a Savior's love, And each tongue shall bless his name each knee shall bow

DEFIANCE.

OLLIE B. GARVER.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The
 2. I love thy church, O God, Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear
 3. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n, The

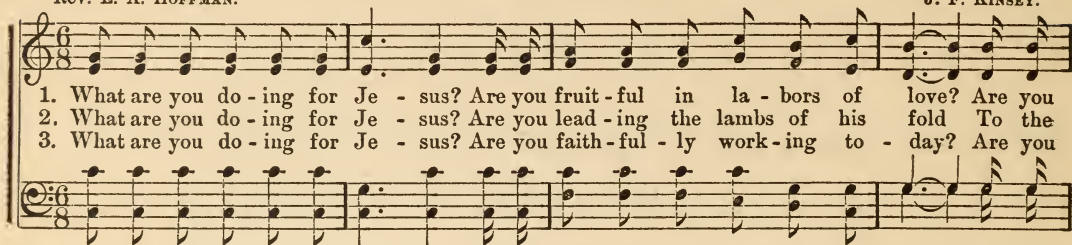
church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.
 as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en on thy hand.
 bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

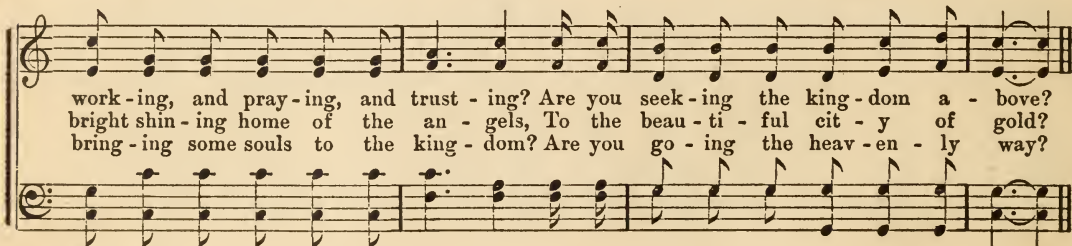
"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."—Math. 9: 38.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. F. KINSEY.

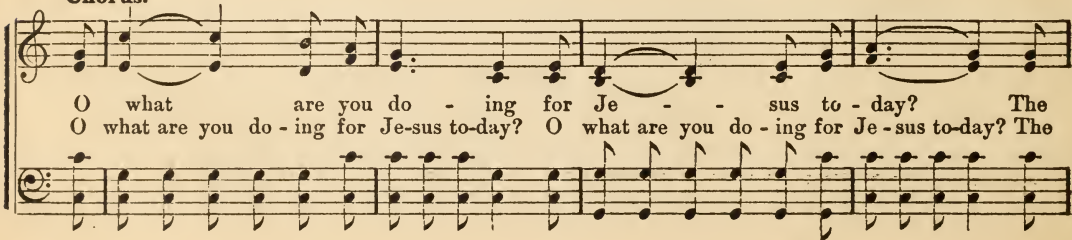


1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you fruit - ful in la - bors of love? Are you
 2. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you lead - ing the lambs of his fold To the
 3. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you faith - ful - ly work - ing to - day? Are you



work - ing, and pray - ing, and trust - ing? Are you seek - ing the king - dom a - bove?
 bright shin - ing home of the an - gels, To the beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold?
 bring - ing some souls to the king - dom? Are you go - ing the heav - en - ly way?

Chorus.



O what are you do - ing for Je - - - sus to - day? The
 O what are you do - ing for Je - sus to - day? O what are you do - ing for Je - sus to - day? The

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS? Concluded. 95

Repeat ad lib.

Mas - - ter is call - ing, Go la - - bor and pray.
 Mas - ter is call - ing, go la - bor and pray, The Mas - ter is call - ing, go la - bor and pray.

FADING AWAY.

A. J. K.

"He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down."—Job. 14: 2.

J. F. K.

(For Funerals.)

1. As the leaves of au - tumn fall - ing, So the sons of earth de - cay;
 2. As the dews of night may gath - er Round the sear'd and yel - low leaves,
 3. But as flow'rs that fade and per - ish, Bloom be - neath a fair - er sky;
 4. Tho' our hearts seem rent with mourn - ing When our friends de - part from sight,

When the an - gels shall be call - ing, We in turn must go a - way.
 So the dews sur - round life's heath - er When the reap - er binds his sheaves.
 So the soul of one we cher - ish Lives a - gain, tho' she may die.
 There will come a sun-bright morn - ing, Just be - yond the dews of night.

VICTORY.

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty."—1 Chron. 29: 11.

J. E. C.

J. E. CURRY.

Arr. by J. F. K.

1. Shout the joy-ful sto - ry, Shout it to the Lord, Je - sus is vic-to-rious, Read it in his Word.
 2. Wave the ban-ner up-ward, Wave it in the air, Spread the joy - ful tid-ings, Spread it ev - 'ry-where,
 3. Je - sus is our lead - er, He will lead us on, And we'll sing the sto-ry, Glo - ry to his name,

Je - sus is vic-to-rious, Hear the joy-ful news, Sing re-demp-tion's sto-ry, Sing it to the Lord.
 Christ the Lord has conquer'd Sin, and death, and hell, Glo-ry to the Sav - ior, And to men, good-will.
 Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry once a - gain! And we know we'll triumph, With Jesus at the helm.

Chorus.

Hear ye, Hear ye, Je - sus is the Sav - ior, Vic - to - ry - is nigh,
 Hear ye, hear ye, Hear ye, the cry,

VICTORY. Concluded.

97

Musical score for 'VICTORY. Concluded.' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The melody is on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Hear ye, Hear ye, Vict'-ry to the Sav - ior, Sound-ing to the sky. Hear ye, hear ye, Hear ye the cry,'

A CHILD'S WARNING.

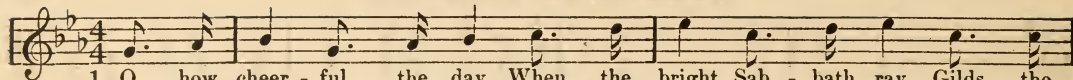
Arr. by H. J. H.

H. J. HYATT.

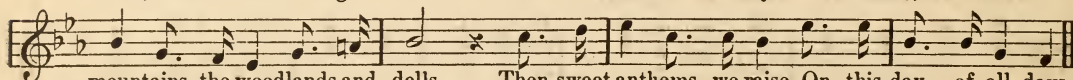
Musical score for 'A CHILD'S WARNING.' in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The melody is on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are: '1. Chil - dren do you see the wine, In the crys - tal gob - let shine? 2. De you know what caus - eth woe, Bit - ter as the heart can know? 3. Nev - er let it pass your lips, Nev - er ev - en let the tips, Be not tempt - ed by its charm, It will sure - ly lead to harm. 'Tis that self same ru - by wine, Which would tempt that soul of thine. Of your fin - gers touch the bowl, Hate it from your in - most soul.'

SABBATH BELLS.

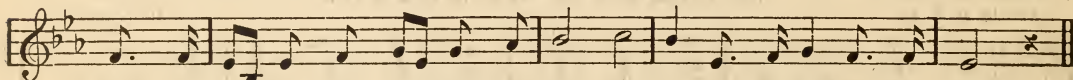
A. N. JOHNSON.



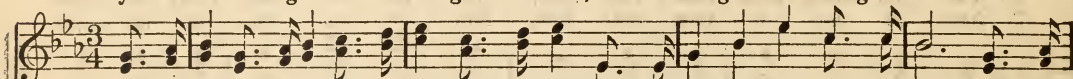
1. O how cheer - ful the day, When the bright Sab - bath ray. Gilds the
 2. O the bells! we are told, In that ci - ty of gold, Full
 3. So, while wait - ing be - low, You and I may be - stow, Fa - vors



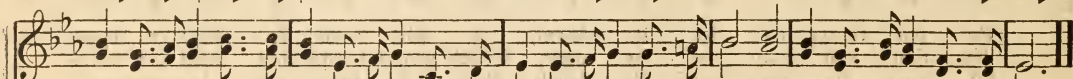
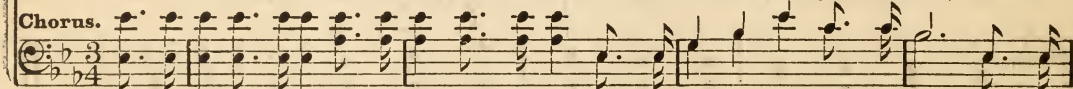
mountains, the woodlands and dells, Then sweet anthems we raise, On this day of all days,
 oft - en for joy do they ring, When new comers await, At the wide o - pen gate,
 rich on the souls that are near, If they first should arise, To that home in the skies,



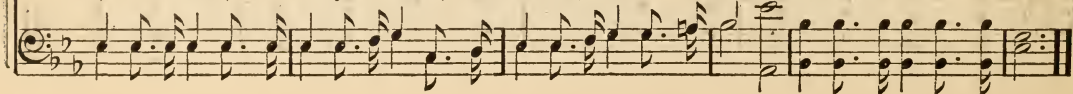
And we list to the dear Sab-bath bells, We list to the dear Sab-bath bells.
 While bright an - gels their wel - com - ing sing, Bright an - gels their welcom - ing sing.
 They'll be waiting our coming to cheer, Be waiting our coming to cheer.



O the bells! O the bells! how their rich mu - sic swells, Call-ing come, come, come, praise the Lord, 'Tis his

Chorus.

house, children haste, as the home you like best, He's the Father, fore - ever adored, The Fa - ther fore - ever a - dored.



A HOME FOR ME.

99

Pres. I. L. KEPHART, D. D.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14: 2.

Dr. O. C. TOBEY.

1. Be - yond the gold - en por - tal, Be - yond the crys - tal sea; Be - yond the ken of
 2. A home reared by the Mas - ter, For the good, the brave, and true; A home of beau - ti - ful
 3. A home for ev - 'ry sin - ner, Who seeks God's pard'ning love,—For all who trust the

mor - tals There is a home for me; A home that we call heav - en, From
 man - sions Be - yond the mys - tic blue; A home of gold - en beau - ty Be -
 mer - its Of Christ's a - ton - ing blood. Then press on, oh be - liev - er, And

Rit.
 care and sor - row free; A home for all for - giv - en, A home of rest for me.
 yond the stream of death, For all who true to du - ty A home of peace and rest.
 sin - ner share it too, That cit - y in its beau - ty, A home for - ev - er new.

A WORD FOR JESUS.

Prof. D. N. Howe.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."—Isa. 43: 10.

Arr. by S. C. HANSON.

1. Have you not a word for Je - sus, not a word to speak for him? Can the world pro-claim his
 2. If you can not find ex - pres-sion for the long-ings of your soul, Tell them in your bro-ken
 3. Yes, I'll speak a word for Je - sus, though it be a sin-gle one; It may rouse a right-eous
 4. Yes, I'll speak a word for Je - sus, though it fee - ble be and weak; It may find a lodg-ing

fa - vor, do a ser - vice meet for him? Have you not a word for Je - sus, him who
 man - ner, for the Mas - ter knows the whole; If you can not speak for weep - ing, rise a
 long - ing in some way-ward fall-en one; It may reach the dark re - cess - es of a
 some-where, caus-ing a - bler tongues to speak; It may wake the la - tent pow - ers of an

did so much for you? Who, be - side, shall tell to sin - ners, how he lov'd and res-cued you?
 wit - ness for his name; He who reads the heart will mark it, and will bless you all the same.
 hard and sto - ny heart; It may help dis - pel the dark-ness and the light of life im - part.
 apt - er, bright-er mind, To the song of our sal - va - tion and the res - cue of man - kind.

FREE YE THE CAPTIVES.

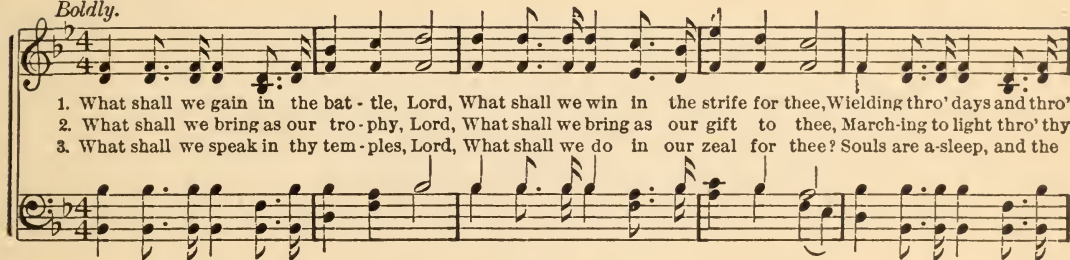
101

"Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness."—Rom. 6: 20.

NEVA E. PARKHILL.

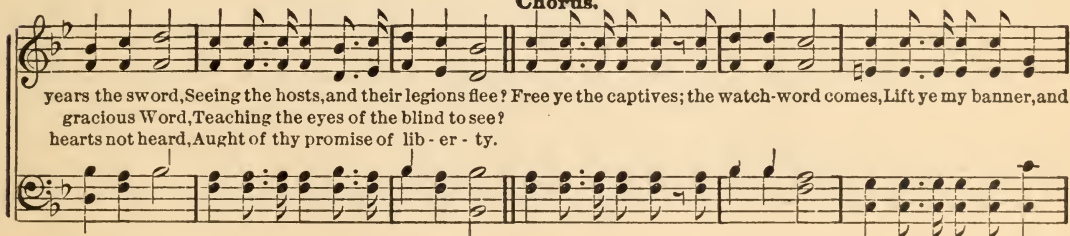
J. F. KINSEY.

Boldly.

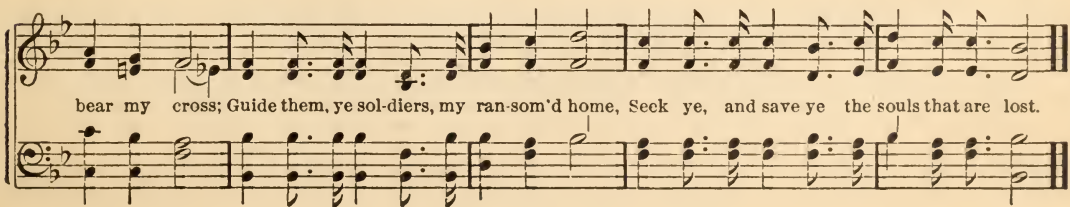


1. What shall we gain in the bat - tle, Lord, What shall we win in the strife for thee, Wielding thro' days and thro'
 2. What shall we bring as our tro - phy, Lord, What shall we bring as our gift to thee, March - ing to light thro' thy
 3. What shall we speak in thy tem - ples, Lord, What shall we do in our zeal for thee? Souls are a - sleep, and the

Chorus.



years the sword, Seeing the hosts, and their legions flee? Free ye the captives; the watch-word comes, Lift ye my banner, and
 gracious Word, Teaching the eyes of the blind to see?
 hearts not heard, Aught of thy promise of lib - er - ty.



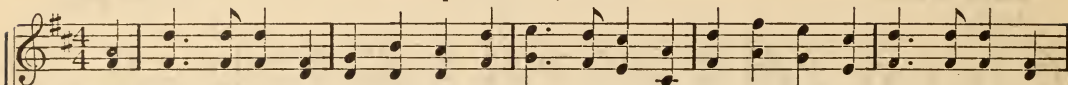
bear my cross; Guide them, ye sol - diers, my ran - som'd home, Seek ye, and save ye the souls that are lost.

THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

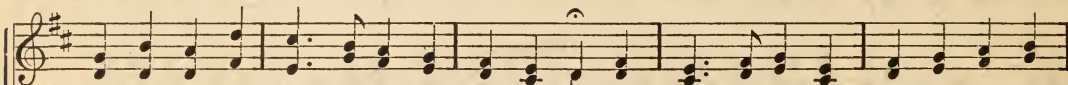
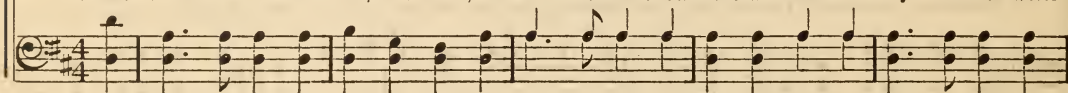
"Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."—Psa. 2: 8.

NANNETTE DORAN.

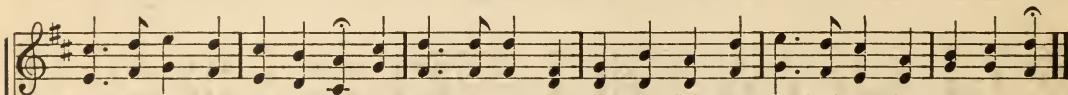
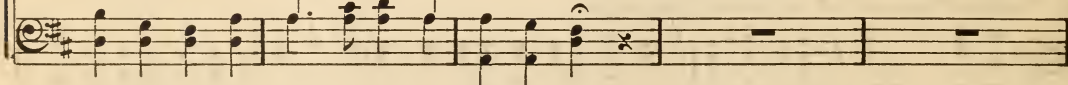
S. C. HANSON.



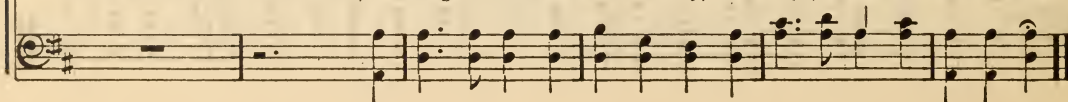
1. The world for Je - sus! God has giv'n To him who left his throne in heav'n, And suf - fer'd death to
2. The world for Je - sus! Chris - tian wake! Gird on thine arm - or, cour - age take, Let on - ward, on - ward
3. The world for Je - sus! ring it out Till all the na - tions hear the shout, Sal - va - tion! let the
4. The world for Je - sus! oh, how sweet, When 'round the throne at last we meet To lay our well worn



set us free, The price of his own vic - to - ry— This world with all its friends and foes, This
be the cry, While e'er we hold our stand - ard high, Our Cap - tain leads us all the way, His
joy - ful song On ev - 'ry breeze be borne a - long, Till ech - o - ing from shore to shore, The
arm - or down, And wear the prom - ised star - ry crown, But sweet - er far 'twill be to know The



world with all its joys and woes, This wide, wide world be - longs to him, His blood hath pur - chased it from sin.
grace sus - tains us day by day; Love is our sword, and Faith our shield; To these the strongest foes must yield.
gods of earth shall reign no more, And ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe Shall join the grand tri - umph - al song.
souls we res - cued here be - low, And sing with shouts of vic - to - ry, The world, O Christ, is won for thee.



PROHIBITION, HAIL, ALL HAIL!

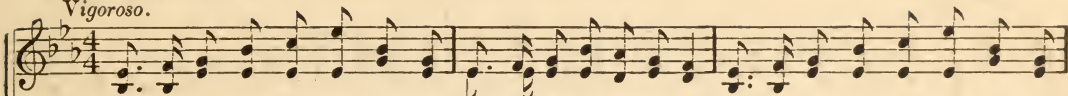
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REV. I. L. KERNART, D. D.

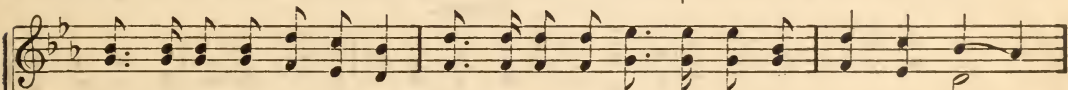
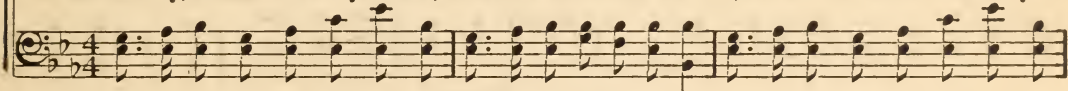
(Temperance Hymn.)

J. F. KINSEY.

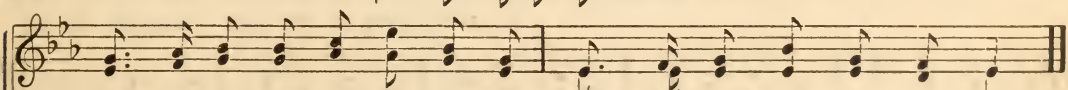
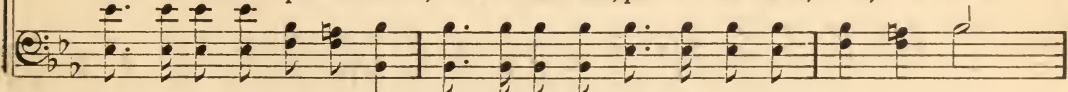
Vigoroso.



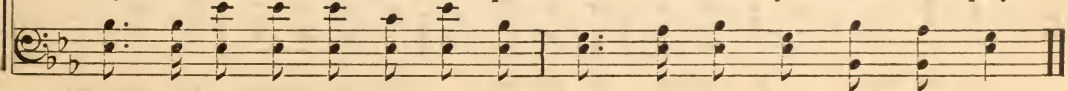
1. Hark! I hear a sig - nal ring-ing, Loud-ly out upon the air; Thousands shouting, thousands singing
2. Oh, it swells from Maine to Kansas, I-o-wa has caught the strain; And the states in Sunny South-land
3. Ral - ly, friends in ev - 'ry hamlet, Ye who know the curse of rum; Throttle now this foul de-stry-er



And the watch-word sounds so clear,—Pro - hi - bi - tion, pro - hi - bi - tion, hail, all hail!
Shout the watch-word back a - gain,—Pro - hi - bi - tion, pro - hi - bi - tion, hail, all hail!
Of the free-man's peaceful home; Pro - hi - bi - tion, pro - hi - bi - tion, hail, all hail!



Let this mot - to ring for - ev - er Till King Al - co - hol is slain.
Loud - er, loud - er, shout this mot - to Till the Na - tion stands re - deem'd.
By this mot - to we shall con - quer If we vote just as we pray.



I GO SINGING.

Mrs. T. J. COOK.

"The righteous doth sing and rejoice."—Prov. 29: 6.

E. COOK, Arr. by J. F. K.

Sprightly.

1. I go sing-ing all the way, For my Fa - ther thus doth say, Cast on me thy
 2. Have you found the Sav - ior true, In his prom - is - es to you? Has he brought you
 3. Do you think of heav'n as home, Do you long there - in to roam; Is your life in

Chorus.

fears and care, Be thou as a bird in air. I go sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, I go sing-ing
 to his feet? Bow be-fore the mer-cy - seat.
 sweet ac - cord With the Sav-ior's sa-cred Word?

I go sing-ing on the way, Sing-ing, sing-ing

on the way, I go sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, I go sing-ing all the day.
 on the way, I go sing-ing all the day, Sing-ing, sing-ing all the day.

I'LL BE A SOLDIER TRUE.

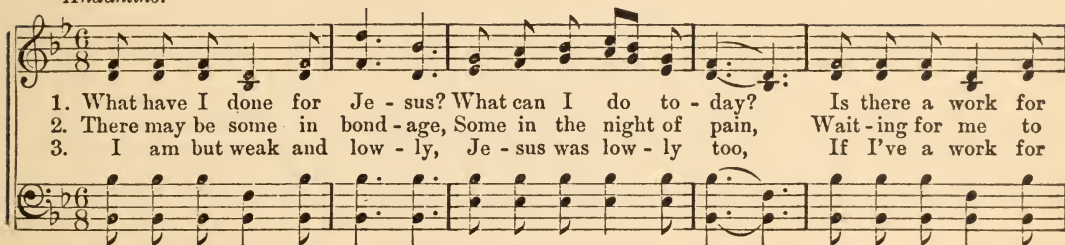
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A. J. KRIDER.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. 6: 12.

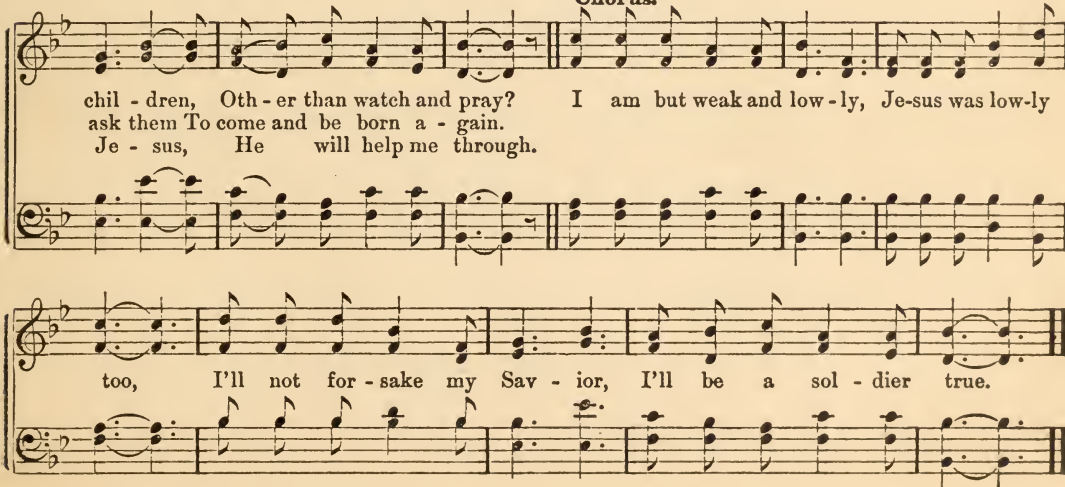
J. F. KINSEY.

Andantino.



1. What have I done for Je - sus? What can I do to - day? Is there a work for
 2. There may be some in bond - age, Some in the night of pain, Wait - ing for me to
 3. I am but weak and low - ly, Je - sus was low - ly too, If I've a work for

Chorus.



chil - dren, Oth - er than watch and pray? I am but weak and low - ly, Je - sus was low - ly
 ask them To come and be born a - gain.
 Je - sus, He will help me through.

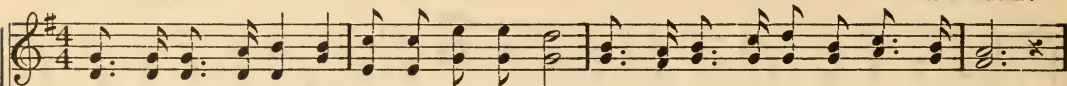
too, I'll not for - sake my Sav - ior, I'll be a sol - dier true.

HEARKEN TO THE MESSAGE.

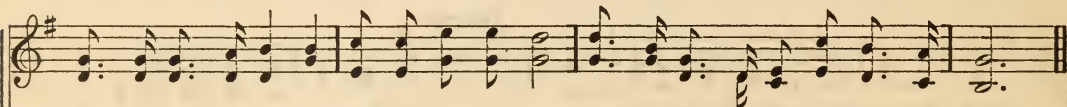
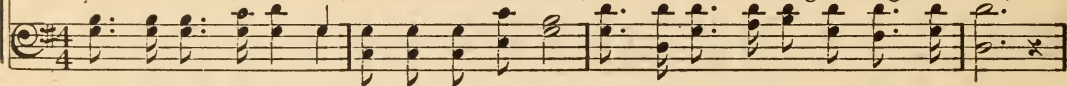
"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

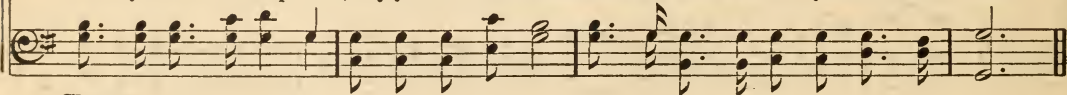
C. E. LESLIE.



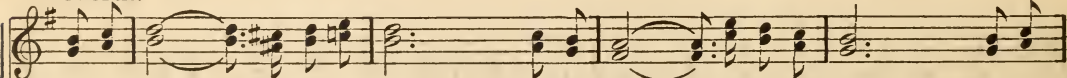
1. Hearn-en to the message, Sent from heav'n above, Call-ing those who wan-der to the fold,
2. Tho' thy sins are ma-ny, Leave them at the cross, Christ will glad-ly par-don and for-give,
3. Soon with la-bors end-ed, Thou shalt have a crown, And a home in re-gions bright and fair,



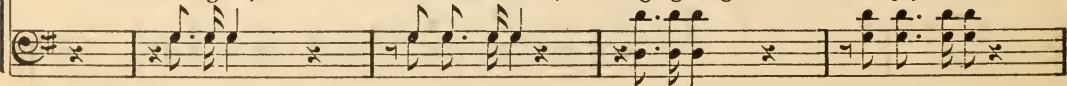
'Tis the king of glo-ry, Call-ing thee in love, 'Tis the sweet-est sto-ry ev-er told.
On-ly seek and find him, Count all else as dross, Come to Je-sus now, Oh, look and live.
Will you not ac-cept him, Lay your burdens down, Cast on Je-sus all your sins and care.



Chorus.



March-ing on..... to heav'n a-bove, Sing-ing songs of joy and love, The Re-
Marching on, to heav'n a-bove, Singing songs of joy and love,



HEARKEN TO THE MESSAGE. Concluded.

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deem - - er's name we sing, Shout Ho - sau-na to our Sav - ior King.
 Re-deem-er's name, name we sing,

A PRAYER.

Rev. I. L. KEPHART, D. D.

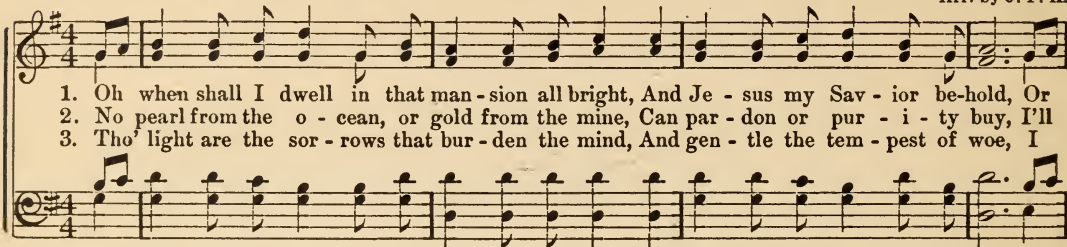
J. F. KINSEY.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, in thy mer - cy, Keep me safe from ev - 'ry sin, I would walk the
 2. In this world of sore temp - ta - tion, Wars with - out and fears with - in, All my strength a -
 3. Give me, Lord, a tran - quil spir - it, One of faith and hope and love, Brave to walk where
 way of du - ty, And a crown of ho - ly beau - ty, Thus, thro' Christ my Sav - ior win.
 vails me noth - ing, In this strug - ling surg - ing batt - ling, I thro' thee a - lone can win.
 thou dost lead me, When thou speak - est quick to heed thee, Journeying on to joy a - bove.

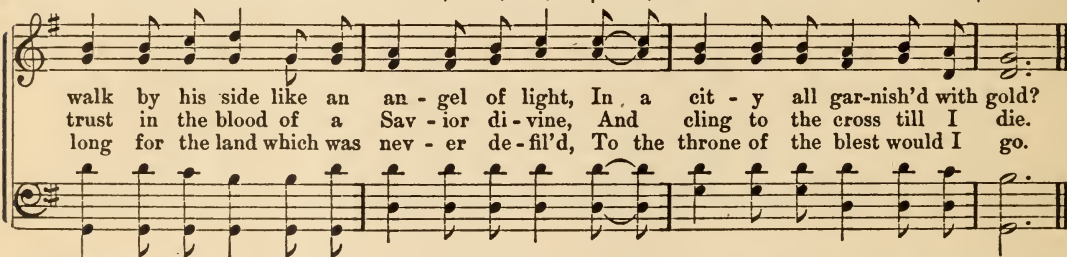
HOME OF THE BLEST.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—II Cor. 5: 1.

J. E. CURRY.
Arr. by J. F. K.

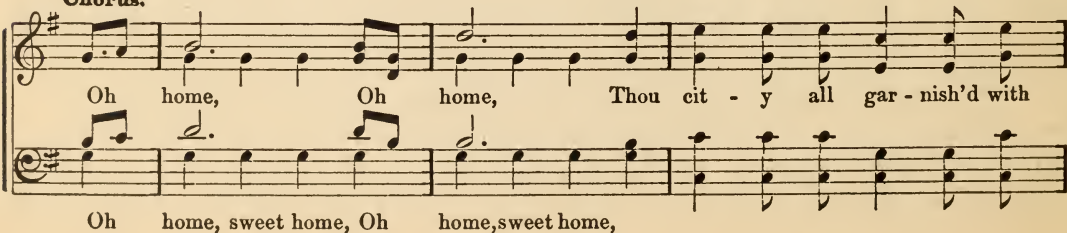


1. Oh when shall I dwell in that man-sion all bright, And Je - sus my Sav - ior be-hold, Or
2. No pearl from the o - cean, or gold from the mine, Can par - don or pur - i - ty buy, I'll
3. Tho' light are the sor - rows that bur - den the mind, And gen - tle the tem - pest of woe, I



walk by his side like an an - gel of light, In a cit - y all gar-nish'd with gold?
trust in the blood of a Sav - ior di-vine, And cling to the cross till I die.
long for the land which was nev - er de-fil'd, To the throne of the blest would I go.

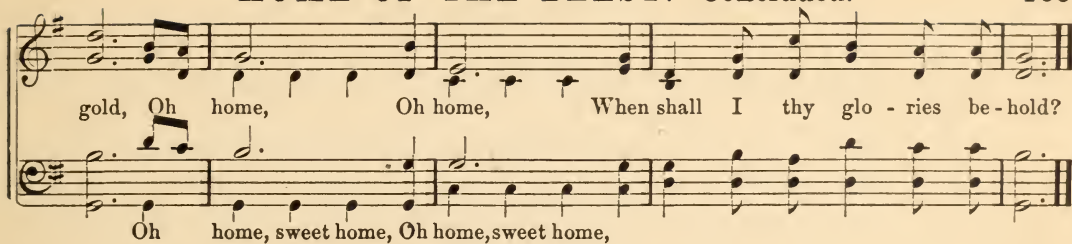
Chorus.



Oh home, Oh home, Thou cit - y all gar - nish'd with
Oh home, sweet home, Oh home, sweet home,

HOME OF THE BLEST. Concluded.

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gold, Oh home, Oh home, When shall I thy glo - ries be - hold?

Oh home, sweet home, Oh home, sweet home,

WESTFIELD.

S. C. HANSON.



1. As the snow - flakes in their fall Pu - ri - fy and whit - en all,
 2. Let thy love, so full and free, Strong in all its pu - ri - ty,
 3. Trust - ing thee for all I need, To thy coun - sels giv - ing heed;

So thy love to us is giv'n, Pu - ri - fy - ing us for heav'n.
 Cleanse me from all world - ly strife, Mak - ing mine a no - bler life.
 Liv - ing thus my hope shall be, Re - al - ized at last in thee.

"THE DAY IS AT HAND."

S. L. CUTHBERT.

"The day of the Lord is at hand."—Zeph., 1: 7.

VINT. C. BATES.

1. O'er mountain and val - ley and sea, There shin - eth the tint of the morn; The clouds, bright with gold, seem to
 2. Come forth from the grave, oh ye dead, Tho' long in the dust ye have lain; Lo! death and his an - gels have
 3. Ye sor - row - ing ones, who with grief, Have sat by the graveside for years; The Sav - ior will give you re -
 4. Be - liev - ers, come joy - ful - ly near, Be - hold your Re - deem - er and King; A - way with your doubt and your

Chorus.

be... As ban - ners the day to a - dorn. Hal - le - lu - jah to God! let us cry..... The
 fled... And now all his boast - ing is vain.
 lief... And ban - ish for - ev - er your tears.
 fear... Re - joice and ex - ult - ing - ly sing.

morn - ing is dawn - ing at last; The day of the Lord draweth nigh, The shadows of night are all past.
 (2) death
 (3) grief
 (4) fear

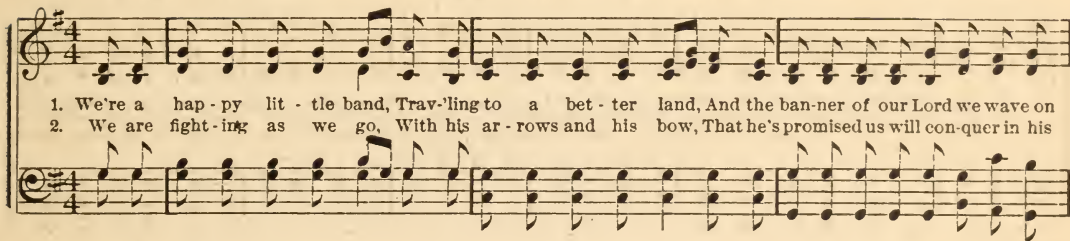
HAPPY LITTLE BAND.

111

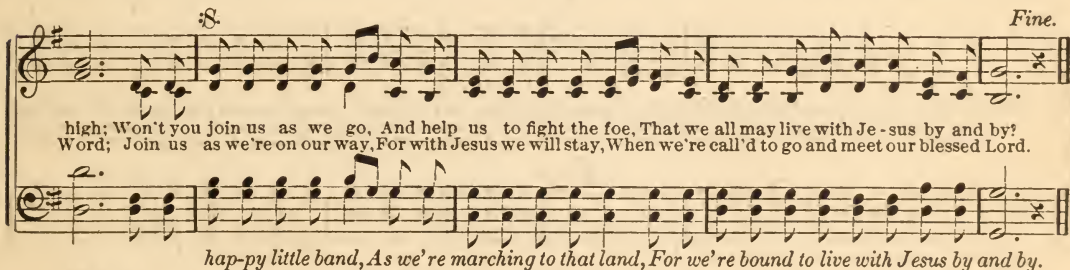
D. F. BLAKE.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Ecl. 12: 1.

S. C. HANSON.



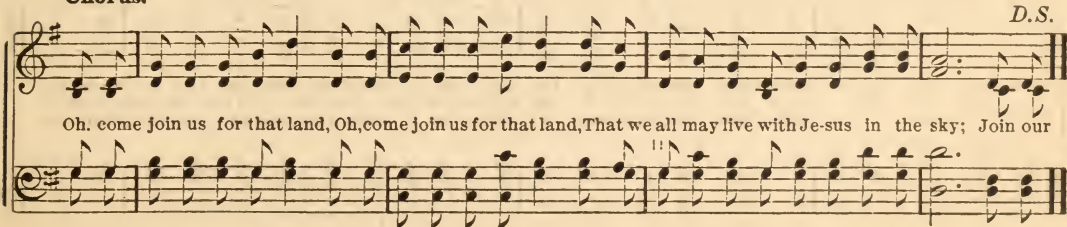
1. We're a hap - py lit - tle band, Trav'ling to a bet - ter land, And the ban - ner of our Lord we wave on
2. We are fight - ing as we go, With his ar - rows and his bow, That he's promised us will con - quer in his



high; Won't you join us as we go, And help us to fight the foe, That we all may live with Je - sus by and by?
Word; Join us as we're on our way, For with Jesus we will stay, When we're call'd to go and meet our blessed Lord.

Chorus.

hap - py little band, As we're marching to that land, For we're bound to live with Jesus by and by.



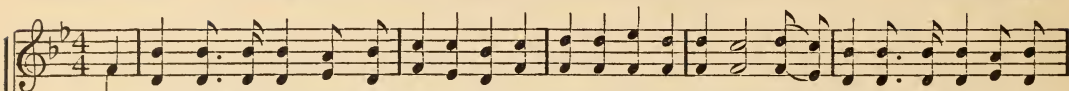
Oh, come join us for that land, Oh, come join us for that land, That we all may live with Je - sus in the sky; Join our

THE WAY OF LIFE.

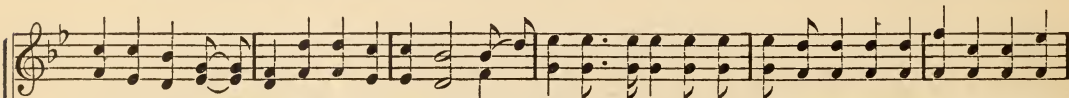
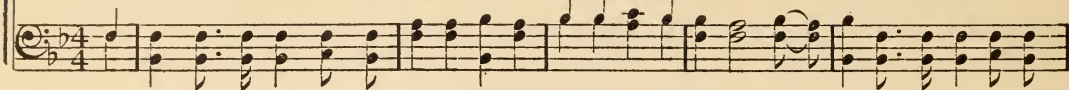
ADDIE EVILSIZER.

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life."—John 14: 6.

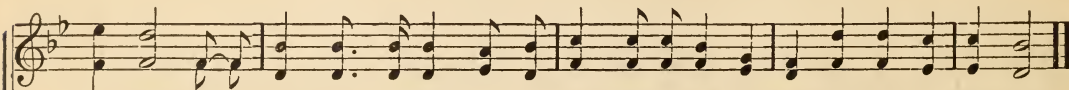
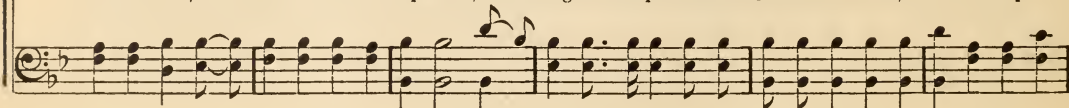
L. M. EVILSIZER.



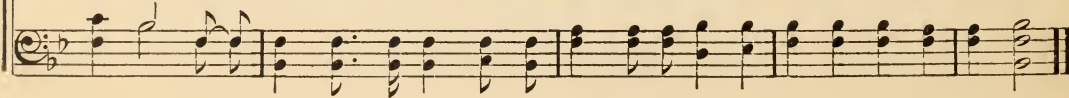
1. Oh, sweet are the joys and the dreams of youth, And bright are Hope's fair flowers; Our hands clasp the fair hands of
2. We wel - come the noon with its scorching heat, And bid a - dieu to child-hood, We step on the high-way with
3. But soft - ly the night set - tles down o'er all, And calms life's weary wand'rer, As gen - tly the night dews from



Love and Truth, As we tread thro' Youth's fair bowers, With never a care, but to wan - der and play, All thro' a radiant
 ea - ger feet, And leave Youth's flow'ry wild-wood, With never a tho't that our courage may fail; Or heat and toil o'er
 heav-en fall, He back-ward looks to ponder, How changed is the path since the visions of morn, How oft the spir-it



morn - ing, We heed not how swift - ly the time flies a - way, Till shad - ows give us warn - ing.
 come us, We know not how quick - ly the horse - man may come, And snatch our com - rades from us.
 striv - en! Lo! a star trem - bles forth and a Sav - ior is born To guide him on to heav - en.



GUIDE ME.

113

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

"He will be our guide even unto death."—Psa. 43: 14.

S. C. HANSON.



1. Lead me, gen - tle Sav - ior, lead me, I would fol - low close to thee, I would walk beneath the
2. Keep me, bless - ed Je - sus, keep me, Hide me in thy wounded side, Cleft for me,—oh, wond'rous
3. Guide me, ten - der Shepherd, guide me, Safe in - to the up - per fold, Where thy lit - tle flock finds



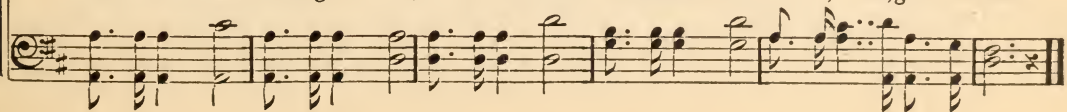
Chorus.



shadow Of thy wings spread over me. To the green fields and the riv - er,
sto - ry—Wash me in its crimson tide.
pasture—Crowns of life and harps of gold.

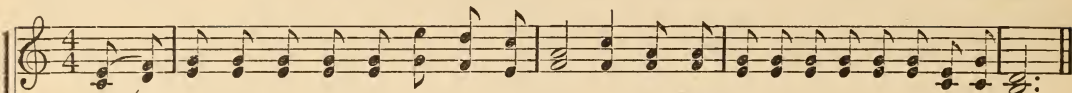


To the fountain flowing ev - er, To the life that endeth never Guide me, Jesus, guide me there.

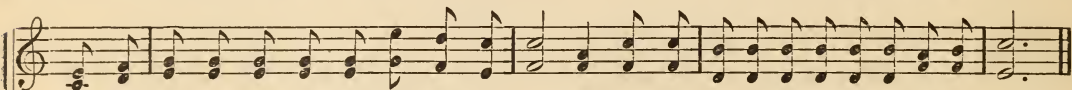
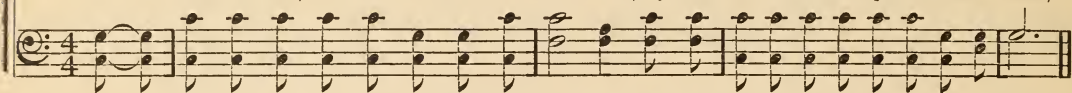


HOW BEAUTIFUL THE CITY.

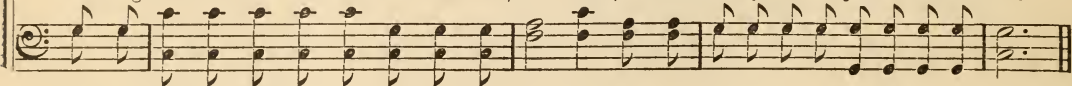
NEVA E. PARKHILL. "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14. J. F. KINSEY.



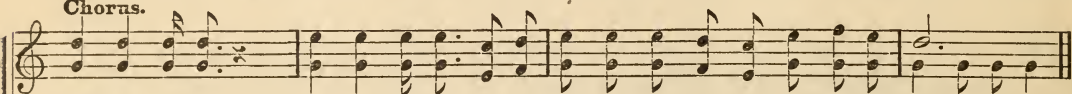
1. Oh how beau-ti - ful the cit - y fair in glo - ry, Where the Sav-ior our Re-deem-er lov-ing waits,
2. All beau-ti - ful the cit - y fair in bright-ness, Where the an-gels keep their watch and ward of love,
3. Oh how beau-ti - ful, the Lamb who leads us on-ward, By the riv-er where the pure in heart a-bide,



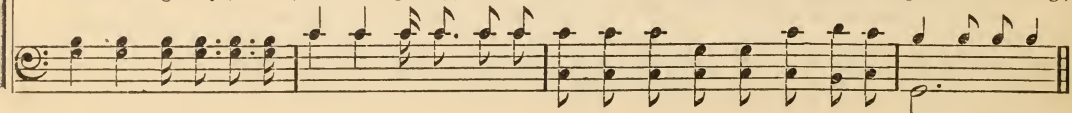
And all beau-ti - ful the foun-tains famed in sto - ry, And the pal-ace, with its shin-ing jas-per gates.
 By the throne of God in robes of fleec-y white-ness, Sing-ing sweet-ly of his mer-cy and his love.
 Call-ing his be-lov-ed ev-er on-ward, home-ward, To the cit-y that is just a-cross the tide.



Chorus.



Home in glo-ry ('tis our) home in glo-ry, 'Tis where Je - sus all the ransom'd home will bring, (home will bring.)



HOW BEAUTIFUL THE CITY. Concluded.

115

rit. ad lib.

To its foun-tains famed in song and told in sto-ry, To the cit-y and the pal-ace of the King.

BIGELOW.

J. F. K.

Moderato.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go
2. This con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall make me

free? No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a crown for me.
free, I'll then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

WORKING FOR THE MASTER.

"For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus sake."—II Cor. 4: 5.
 Rev. C. I. B. BRANE. S. C. HANSON.

1. I am work - ing for the Mas - ter, Toil - ing thro' the heat and cold, Try - ing
 2. I am work - ing for the Mas - ter, Sow - ing prec - ious seed with care, Toil - ing
 3. I am gath - ring sheaves for Je - sus, Here and there for me they fall; Jew - els

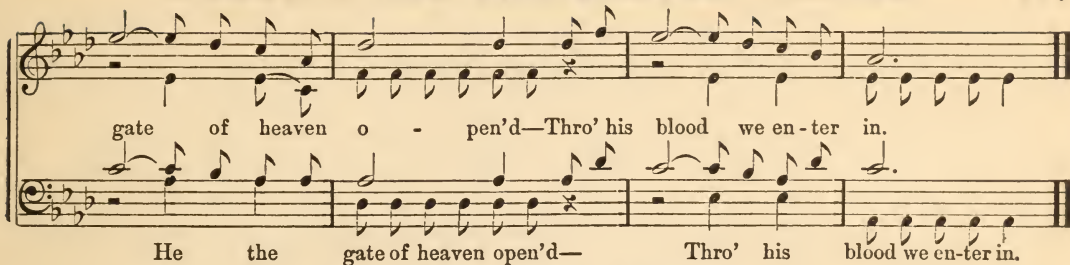
Chorus.

hard to lead the err - ing, Back in - to his am - ple fold. O, I love to work for
 in the dew - y morn - ing, Glean - ing in the noon - day's glare.
 rare for heav - en's gar - ners, When the Mas - ter comes to call.

O, I

Je - - sus, For he saved my soul from sin; He the

love to work for Je - sus, For he saved my soul from sin;



gate of heaven o - pen'd—Thro' his blood we en-ter in.

He the gate of heaven open'd— Thro' his blood we en-ter in.

ALONE WITH JESUS.

S. A. MUEL.



1. A - lone with Je - sus! O how sweet, To be be - fore the mer - cy seat, And
 2. A - lone with Je - sus! O how blest, The soul that doth in Je - sus rest; And
 3. A - lone with Je - sus! ev - 'ry day, To wait, give thanks, and praise and pray; I

give my-self a - new to pray'r, To him who saith I'll meet thee here.
 know that he is al - ways near, And ev - er waits his saints to hear.
 find no place on earth so sweet, As that dear place the mer - cy - seat.

Song for Girls.

"To him be glory and dominion forever and ever."—1 Peter 5: 11.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. Ear - ly dew and gen - tle rain, Flow'rs that deck the ver - dant plain,
 2. Sun and moon whose lus - tre bright, Rules the day and cheers the night,
 3. An - gels beck - 'ning to his will, Round his throne at - tend - ing still,

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal melody line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody line contains three measures of music, each corresponding to a line of the three-part vocal setting. The piano accompaniment consists of a single line of music with chords and eighth notes.

Joy - ous birds on pin - ions fair, Glid - ing thro' the balm - y air.
 Years and sea - sons as ye roll, Stars that shine from pole to pole.
 All ye heav'n - ly hosts a - bove, Sing your great Cre - a - tor's love.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It follows the same musical notation as the first system, with a vocal line in treble clef and a piano line in bass clef. The lyrics continue across three lines, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support through chords and rhythmic patterns.

ENDLESS GLORY. Concluded.

119

Full Chorus.

Praise the Lord, our God and King, Let the earth his won - ders sing,

Let his might - y works pro - claim, End - less glo - ry to his name.

THY WILL BE DONE.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. Father, I know thy ways are just, Altho' to me un-known, O grant me grace, Thy love to trust, And cry, thy will be done.

2. If thou should'st hedge with thorns my path, Should wealth and friends be gone, Still, with a firm and lively faith, I'll cry, thy will be done.

3. Altho' thy steps I cannot trace, thy sov'reign right I'll own, And as instructed by thy grace, I'll cry, thy will be done.

CHILDREN, COME TO JESUS.

"Children are an heritage of the Lord."—Psa. 127: 3.

J. R. BOWER.

Arr. by J. F. K.

Moderate.

1 Let - the chil - dren come to Je - sus. Hear him say - ing come to me. Bless - ed
2 Let - the eyes to read the Hi - sta - ry from the heav'n's a - bove. Let - the

Je - sus, who to save us, Shed his blood on Cal - va - ry. Little souls were made to serve him. All his
eyes to hear the sto - ry. Of the Samar - itan's love, Little tongues to sing his praises, Little

ho - ly laws ful - fill. Let - the hearts were made to love him. Let - the hands to do his will.
feet to walk his way, Let - the bod - ies to be temples. Where the ho - ly spir - it stay.

Chorus.

Don't you hear..... the Sav - ing my - ing, Lis - en

Don't you hear the Sav - ing my - ing, Don't you hear the voice of God, Lis - en

and I am wait - ing to see

children don't you hear him, Don't you hear the voice of - move, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, Lis - en

save you, In my pal - ace here a - move, for you a - move

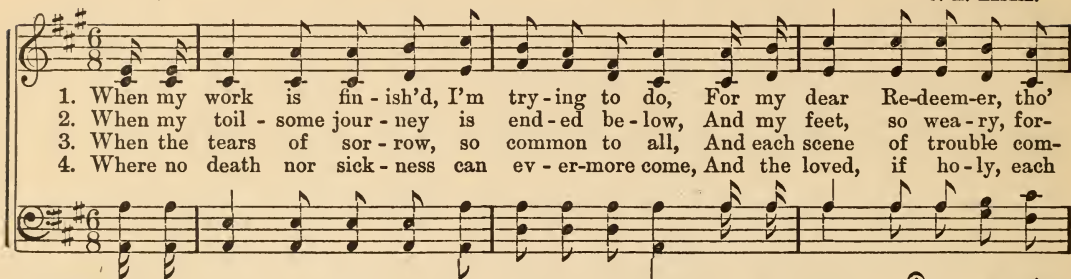
save you with my love, In my pal - ace, In my pal - ace, For you - for'd for you a - move,

WILL THE GATES OF HEAVEN BE OPEN TO ME?

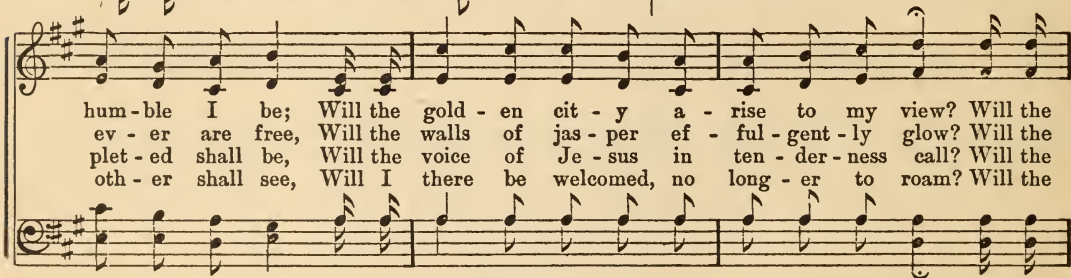
"Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in."—Isa. 26: 2.

E. R. LATTA.

C. E. LESLIE.

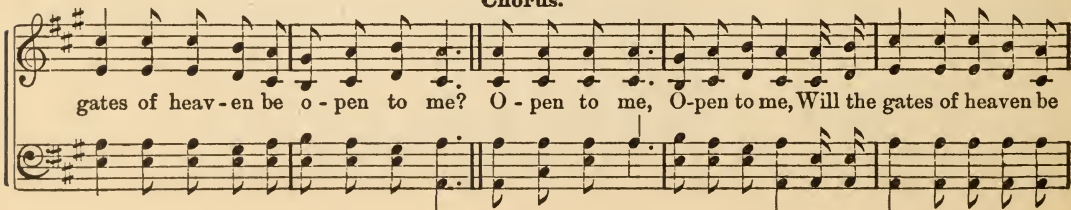


1. When my work is fin - ish'd, I'm try - ing to do, For my dear Re - deem - er, tho'
 2. When my toil - some jour - ney is end - ed be - low, And my feet, so wea - ry, for -
 3. When the tears of sor - row, so common to all, And each scene of trouble com -
 4. Where no death nor sick - ness can ev - er - more come, And the loved, if ho - ly, each



hum - ble I be; Will the gold - en cit - y a - rise to my view? Will the
 ev - er are free, Will the walls of jas - per ef - ful - gent - ly glow? Will the
 plet - ed shall be, Will the voice of Je - sus in ten - der - ness call? Will the
 oth - er shall see, Will I there be welcomed, no long - er to roam? Will the

Chorus.



gates of heav - en be o - pen to me? O - pen to me, O - pen to me, Will the gates of heaven be

WILL THE GATES OF HEAVEN, etc. Concluded. 123

o - pen to me? Will the golden cit - y arise to my view, Will the gates of heaven be o - pen to me?

This musical score is for the song 'Will the Gates of Heaven, etc.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

LESLIE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Softly.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pil - grims
2. The storm that recks the win - t'ry sky No more dis - turbs their deep re -
3. Now, trav - 'ler in the vale of tears, To realms of ev - er - last - ing
4. The soul, of or - i - gin di - vine, God's glo - rious im - age freed from

This musical score is for the song 'Leslie'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

found; They soft - ly lie and sweet - ly sleep, Low in the ground.
pose, Than sum - mer ev - 'ning's lat - est sigh That shuts the rose.
light, Through times dark wil - der - ness of years Pur - sue thy flight.
clay, In heav'n's e - ter - nal sphere shall shine A star of day.

This musical score is for the song 'Leslie'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHRIST WILL GUIDE US.

ADDIE EVILSIZER.

"And the Lord shall guide thee continually,"—Isa. 58: 11.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. Tho' the world should all for-sake thee, Deep - est woes thy spir - it grieve, Keep your eyes on heav'n and
 2. If the cross is some-times heav-y, Christ in meek-ness bore it too, Do not mur-mur then but
 3. Tho' the path-way may be rug-ged, Je - sus trod it long a-go, Then press on and do not

Chorus.

Toil - ing, weep - . . . ing, shout - ing,

glo - ry, God will ne'er his chil - dren leave. 'Mid the toil - ing, 'mid the toil - ing, And the
 bear it, He in mer - cy died for you.
 fal - ter, He a crown will then be - stow.

sing - ing,..... Press - ing on . . . ward, day by day, Through the dark . . .

weep - ing, And the weep - ing, Press - ing on - ward, press - ing on - ward day by day, Thro' the darkness, thro' the

CHRIST WILL GUIDE US. Concluded.

125

ness and the sun-light,..... Christ will guide..... us all the way.....

dark-ness, and the sun-light, and the sun-light, Christ will guide us, Christ will guide us all the way, all the way.

JESUS, GENTLE SAVIOR.

C. E. LESLIE.

Slowly.

1. Je - sus, gen - tle Sav - ior, Ev - er meek and mild, } Teach me how to love Thee,
 In thy ten - der mer - cy, Hear a lit - tle child,
 2. Like a gen - tle Shep - herd Lead me all the day,
 Sav - ior, do not leave me, Let me nev - er stray. } When my steps are wea - ry,
 3. With the birds that praise thee, Sing - ing in the shade,
 And the streams re - joic - ing With all thou hast made, } Je - sus, I would praise Thee,

Teach me how to pray, Whis - per to my spir - it; Tell me what to say.
 Lay me on thy breast, Sweet will be my slum - ber, Peace - ful be my rest.
 In my joy - ful song, Of thy lov - ing kind - ness Sing - ing all day long.

HE LEADETH WELL.

Prof. D. N. HOWE.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."—Psa. 23: 3.

S. T. WALLACE.

Tenderly.

1. If per-chance, we're led thro' hardships, On a rough and thorn-y road, Dig-ging, toil-ing, weep-ing, pray-ing,
 2. Tho' he lead so close to Jor-dan That the roll-ing waves we hear, And the winds be-gin to chill us
 3. Tho' he lead us thro' be-reave-ment Un-der-neath the dark-est skies Hopes all crushed and prospects blighted,
 4. Love be-reft, or deep-ly or-phaned, Under clouds in wa-ters deep, All is for our good e-ter-nal,—

DUET, Sopr. & Alto.

Bear-ing off' a dou-ble load;
 As we tread the vale so drear;
 Noth-ing left of life but sighs;
 All to lead our wan-d'ring feet.

Yet the pre-cious sheaves we gather, And the words "Thou hast done well,"
 Yet the vis-ions of the cit-y, And the scenes we can-not tell,
 Yet with faith and la-bor quicken'd And the hopes that they fore-tell,
 Sure all dark-ness will be scat-tered And with peace our bo-soms swell;

DUET, Tenor & Bass.

Chorus.

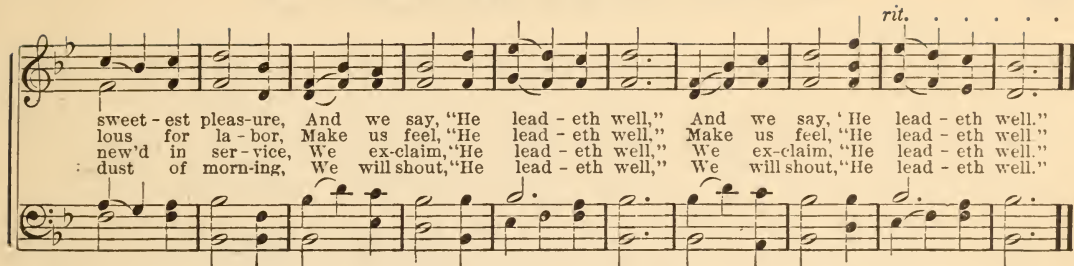
Fill our souls with sweet-est pleas-ure, And we say, "He lead-eth well."
 And the stim-u-lous for la-bor, Make us feel, "He lead-eth well."
 Heart and hands re-new'd in ser-vice, We ex-claim, "He lead-eth well."
 Lift-ed from the dust of mourn-ing, We will shout, "He lead-eth well."

Fill our souls with
 And the stim-u-
 Heart and hands re-
 Lift-ed from the

HE LEADETH WELL. Concluded.

127

rit.



sweet - est pleas-ure, And we say, "He lead - eth well," And we say, "He lead - eth well,"
lous for la - bor, Make us feel, "He lead - eth well," Make us feel, "He lead - eth well,"
new'd in ser-vice, We ex-claim, "He lead - eth well," We ex-claim, "He lead - eth well,"
dust of morn-ing, We will shout, "He lead - eth well," We will shout, "He lead - eth well."

SAN JOAQUIN

S. C. HANSON.



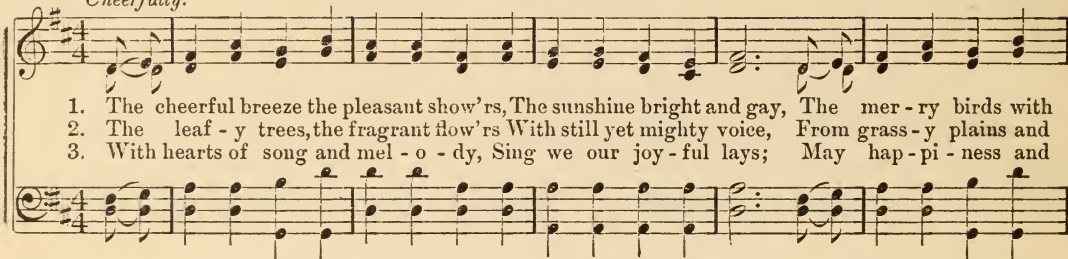
1. Soft - ly now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Soon for us, the light of day, Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com - mune with thee.
Then from sin and sor - row free, Take us Lord to dwell with thee.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

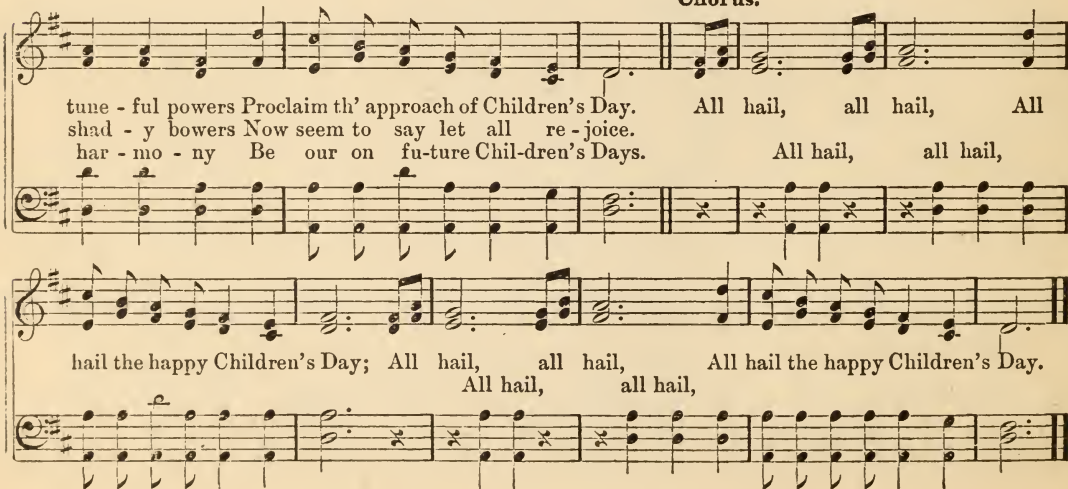
S. A. MUEL.

(Suitable for "Children's Day.")

S. C. HANSON.

Cheerfully.


1. The cheerful breeze the pleasant show'rs, The sunshine bright and gay, The mer - ry birds with
 2. The leaf - y trees, the fragrant flow'rs With still yet mighty voice, From grass - y plains and
 3. With hearts of song and mel - o - dy, Sing we our joy - ful lays; May hap - pi - ness and

Chorus.


tune - ful powers Proclaim th' approach of Children's Day. All hail, all hail, All
 shad - y bowers Now seem to say let all re - joice.
 har - mo - ny Be our on fu - ture Chil - dren's Days. All hail, all hail,

hail the happy Children's Day; All hail, all hail, All hail the happy Children's Day.
 All hail, all hail,

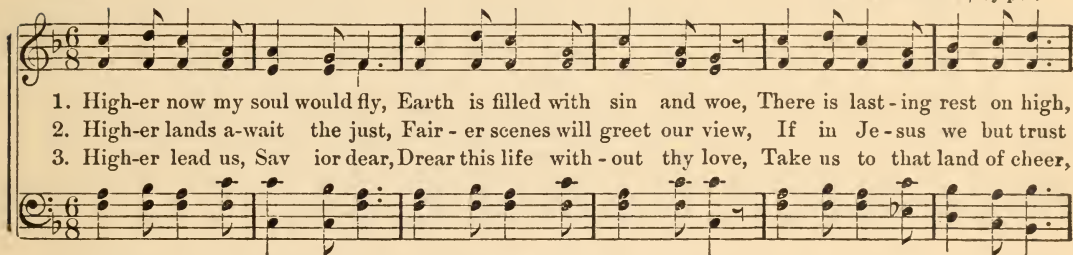
HIGHER, HIGHER!

129

J. M.

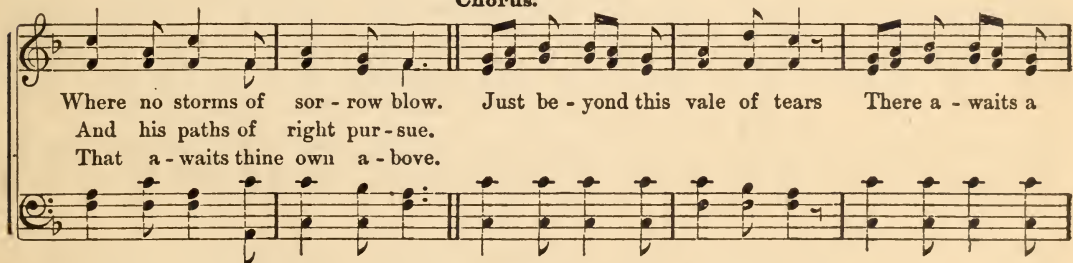
"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. 3: 14.

JOHN MCPHERSON, by per.

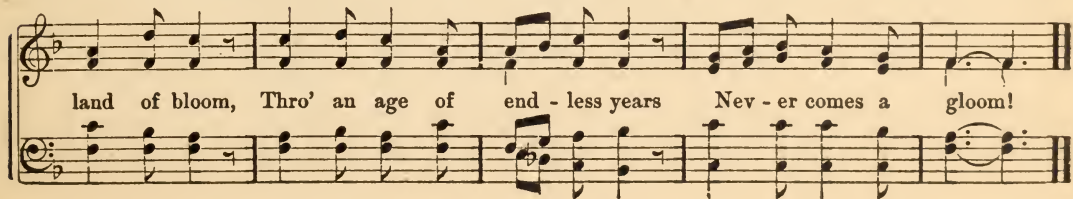


1. High-er now my soul would fly, Earth is filled with sin and woe, There is last-ing rest on high,
 2. High-er lands a-wait the just, Fair - er scenes will greet our view, If in Je-sus we but trust
 3. High-er lead us, Sav ior dear, Drear this life with - out thy love, Take us to that land of cheer,

Chorus.



Where no storms of sor - row blow. Just be - yond this vale of tears There a - waits a
 And his paths of right pur - sue.
 That a - waits thine own a - bove.



land of bloom, Thro' an age of end - less years Nev - er comes a gloom!

COME TO ME.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."—Luke 18: 16.

Mrs. B. W. BROWN.

S. T. WALLACE.

1. See the bless - ed Sa - vior stand - ing With his loved dis - ci - ples
 2. Hear the bless - ed Sa - vior call - ing To the sin - sick pass - ing
 3. Hear an - oth - er ten - der mes - sage From those lips so pure and

near; Wait - ing for the anx - ious moth - ers Com - ing with their chil - dren
 by; Earth - ly foun - tains can - not heal you, Earth - ly streams can't sat - is -
 true: Heav - y la - den sin - ners, hear me, I've glad news for such as

dear. Cold - ly speak the stern dis - ci - ples, Bid - ding them with - hold their
 fy. Here's a foun - tain full of heal - ing On the crys - tal riv - er's
 you. Would you have your sins for - giv - en, And be tru - ly whol - ly

COME TO ME. Concluded.

131

plea; But the Sav - ior whis - pers kind - ly, Suf - fer them to come to me.
brink; All who thirst for liv - ing wa - ters, Let them come to me and drink.
blest? I have died to bring you par - don, Come to me, I'll give you rest.

This musical system consists of a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, while the piano part provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Chorus.

Come, come, come; Come, lit - tle ones, come; Come to my arms and be blest;
Come, lit - tle ones, come; Come, come, come;

The chorus begins with a new musical system. The vocal melody continues on the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the bass staff. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth notes, creating a rhythmic and melodic pattern that is repeated throughout the chorus.

Come, come, come; Come, lit - tle ones, come; Come to my arms and be blest.
Come, lit - tle ones, come; Come, come, come;

This is the second line of the chorus. The musical notation continues from the previous system. A *rit.* (ritardando) marking is placed above the final notes of the first line of the chorus, indicating a gradual slowing down of the tempo. The piano accompaniment features a more active role in this section, with moving lines in the left hand.

HEAVEN WILL BE MINE.

"An inheritance incorruptable, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."—I Pet. 1: 4.
J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. I am sure that heav-en will be mine at last, I am trust - ing in Je - sus to save, In him
2. All my days are gladness and my life a song, I am trust - ing in Je - sus to save, I am
3. When my life is end-ed and I sin no more, I am trust - ing in Je - sus to save, He will

find a shel - ter from life's driv - ing blast, I am trust - ing in Je - sus to save.
shield - ed ev - er by an arm - or strong, I am trust - ing in Je - sus to save.
guide me safe - ly to that gold - en shore, I am trust - ing in Je - sus to save.

Chorus.

Ev-'ry day all is glad-ness as I stray comes no sad-ness, I am trust - ing in Je - sus to

HEAVEN WILL BE MINE. Concluded.

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save, O-ver Jor-dan's wa-ters I will praise for aye I am trust-ing in Je-sus to save!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

AVALON.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. There is an hour of hal-low'd peace, For those with cares op-press'd, When
 2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts which here an-noy; Then
 3. There is a home of sweet re- pose, Where storms as-sail no more; The

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Rit.

sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.
 they that oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a-gain in joy.
 stream of end-less pleas-ure flows On that ce-less-ial shore.

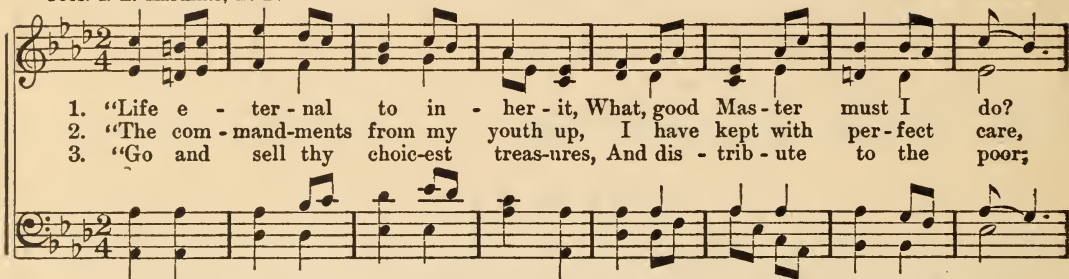
The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

ETERNAL LIFE.

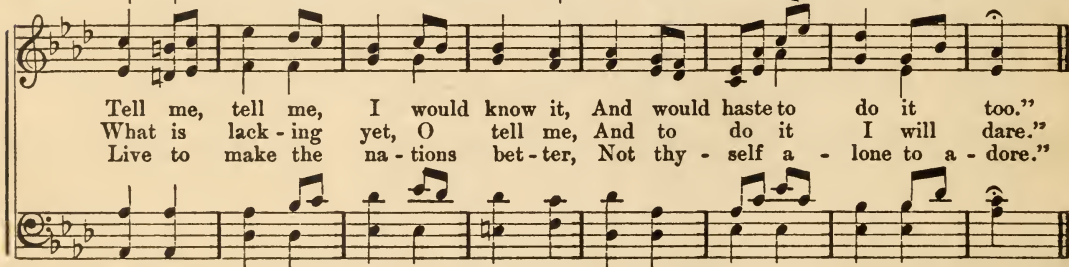
"Good Master, what good thing must I do to inherit eternal life?"—Matt. 19: 16.

Pres. I. L. KEPHART, D. D.

J. W. BROWN.

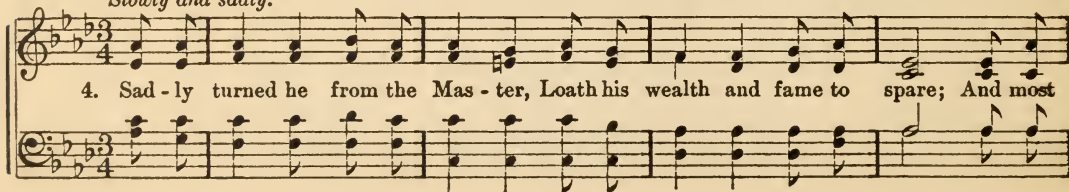


1. "Life e - ter - nal to in - her - it, What, good Mas - ter must I do?
 2. "The com - mand - ments from my youth up, I have kept with per - fect care,
 3. "Go and sell thy choic - est treas - nres, And dis - trib - ute to the poor;



Tell me, tell me, I would know it, And would haste to do it too."
 What is lack - ing yet, O tell me, And to do it I will dare."
 Live to make the na - tions bet - ter, Not thy - self a - lone to a - dore."

Slowly and sadly.



4. Sad - ly turned he from the Mas - ter, Loath his wealth and fame to spare; And most

Moderato. p

sad - ly, said the Mas - ter, "Rich men hard - ly en - ter there." 5. Life con -

m

sists not in pos - ses - sions, Wealth and fame take wings and fly,

mf f rit. dim. . . p

They live most who live for oth - ers, Such can nev - er, nev - er die.

GLORY.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke, 2: 14.

S. C. H.

S. C. HANSON.

1. The night was still o'er dale and hill,
 2. The dreamy shepherds roused with fear,
 3. 'Tis ev - er glo - ry un - to God,

Aus-pi - cious night and glorious
 To see the an - gel come up -
 The sound of glo - ry ceases

The night was still o'er dale and hill; Aus-pi - cious night and glorious
 The dreamy shepherds roused with fear, To see the an - gel come up -
 'Tis ev - er glo - ry un - to God, The sound of glo - ry ceases

morn - ing, When beamed the star of Beth - le - hem, All
 on them, Were filled with joy at Beth - le - hem, Where
 nev - er, And "Peace on earth, good will to men," Will

morn - ing,
 on them,
 nev - er,

When beamed the star of Beth - le - hem, All
 Were filled with joy at Beth - le - hem, Where
 And "Peace on earth, good will to men," Will

earth with ho - ly light a - dorn - ing. Glo - - ry in the high - est,
 ti - dings glad had quickly drawn them.
 live for - ev - er and for - ev - er. Glory to God in the highest,

The first system of musical notation features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats). The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, aligned with the notes.

Glo - - - ry in the high - est, Hear the shout ring - ing out,
 Glo - ry to God in the high - est,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) above a sixteenth-note triplet. The lyrics continue below the treble staff.

Glory, glory, glory, glory, glo - ry. Echoes sweet, still repeat, Glory, glory, glory, glory, glo - ry.

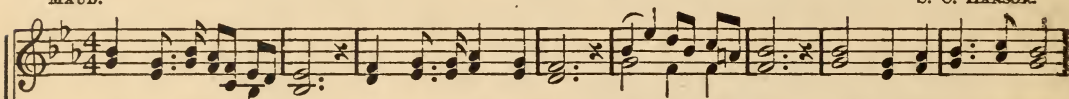
The third system concludes the piece with a final melody and accompaniment. It features dynamic markings of *ff* (fortissimo), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo). The treble staff has a final cadence with a repeat sign. The bass staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

JESUS, MY KING.

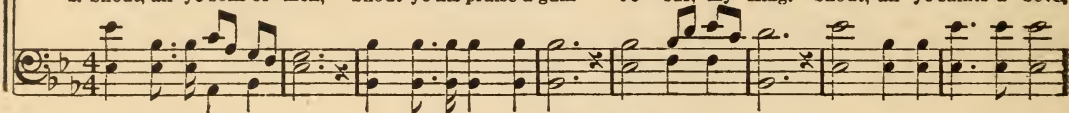
"His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."—Isa. 9:6

MAUD.

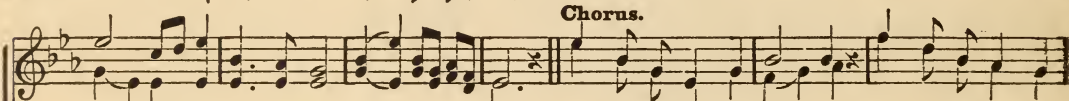
S. C. HANSON.



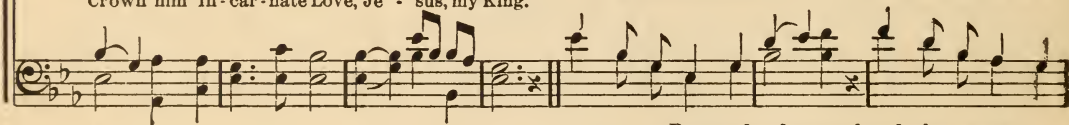
1. Low in the grave's cold bed Rest-ed his wea-ry head— Je - sus, my King. Oh, with what anxious fears
2. Shout, all ye sons of men, Shout ye his praise a-gain! Je - sus, my King. Shout, all ye saints a - bove,



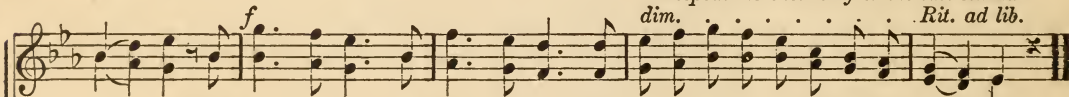
Chorus.



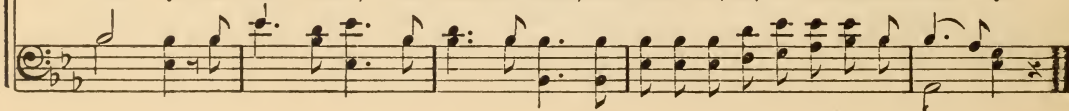
Love laid him low with tears, Je - sus, my King. Who is this King of Glo - ry? Who is this King of
Crown him In - car - nate Love, Je - sus, my King.



Repeat the chorus after the last stanza.
dim. *Rit. ad lib.*



Glo - ry? The Won - der - ful, The Prince of Peace, He died for us, oh, tell the won-d'rous sto - ry.



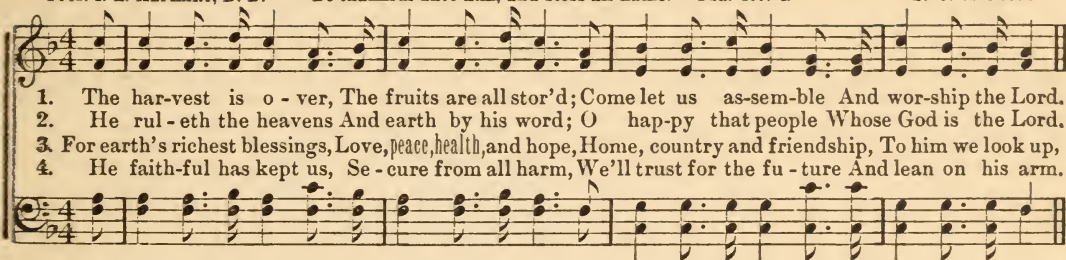
THANKSGIVING SONG.

139

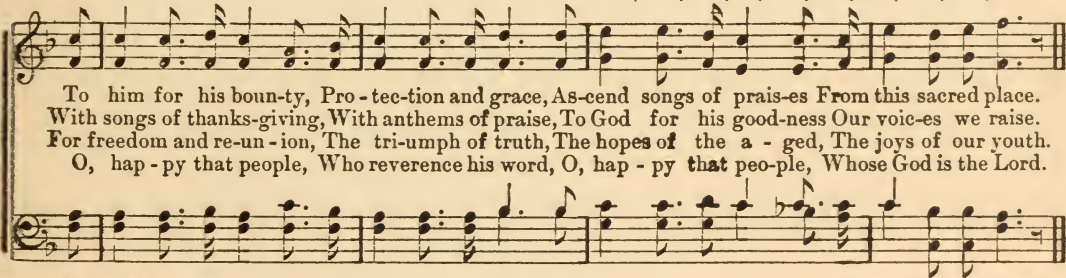
Pres. I. L. KEPHART, D. D.

"Be thankful unto him, and bless his name."—Psa. 100: 4.

S. C. HANSON.

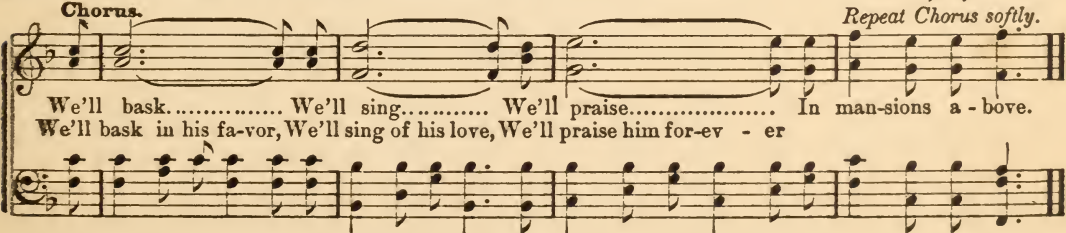


1. The har-vest is o-ver, The fruits are all stor'd; Come let us as-sem-ble And wor-ship the Lord.
 2. He rul-eth the heavens And earth by his word; O hap-py that people Whose God is the Lord.
 3. For earth's richest blessings, Love, peace, health, and hope, Home, country and friendship, To him we look up,
 4. He faith-ful has kept us, Se-cure from all harm, We'll trust for the fu-ture And lean on his arm.



To him for his boun-ty, Pro-tec-tion and grace, As-cend songs of prais-es From this sacred place.
 With songs of thanks-giving, With anthems of praise, To God for his good-ness Our voic-es we raise.
 For freedom and re-un-ion, The tri-umph of truth, The hopes of the a-ged, The joys of our youth.
 O, hap-py that people, Who reverence his word, O, hap-py that peo-ple, Whose God is the Lord.

Chorus. *Repeat Chorus softly.*



We'll bask..... We'll sing..... We'll praise..... In man-sions a-bove.
 We'll bask in his fa-vor, We'll sing of his love, We'll praise him for-ev - er

THE BANNER OF VICTORY.

Mrs. JULIA M. DANA.

(Patriotic.)

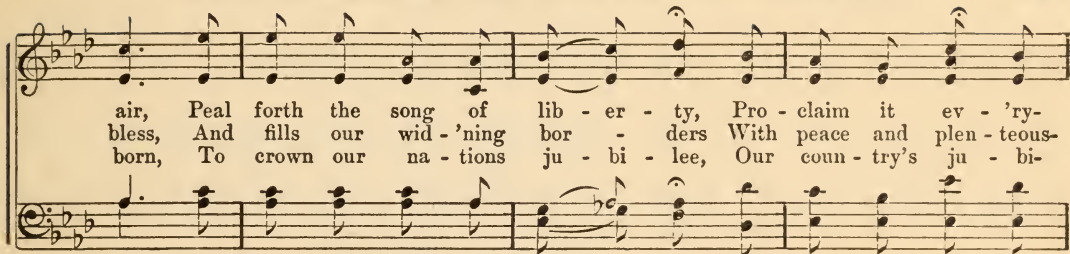
S. C. HANSON.

With enthusiasm.

1. Un - furl the grand old col - ors, The ban - ner of the
 2. Lift up your heads, ye peo - ple, In grat - i - tude on
 3. O when shall all the king - doms Of earth be God's a-

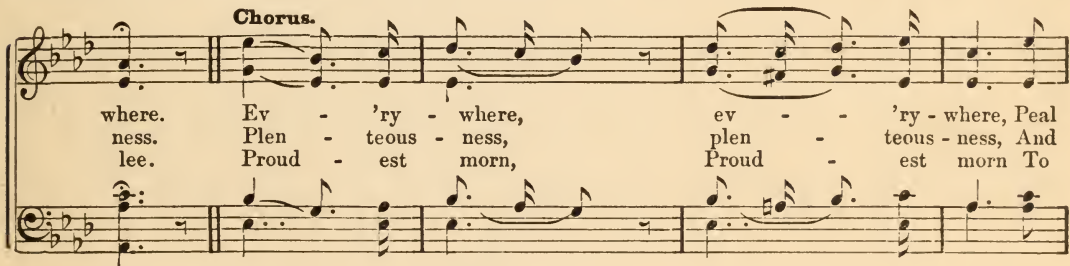
free— In hon - or of our na - tal day, Our coun - try's ju - bi-
 high, Praise him who rules your des - ti - nies, And reigns o'er earth and
 lone— And Truth's un - chang - ing stand - ard The one ac - knowledged

lee; Ring out your hap - py mu - sic, O bells, up - on the
 sky, Praise him who stoops in mer - cy Our fa - vored land to
 throne? Lord, haste the bright - er ad - vent Of a glo - ry yet un-

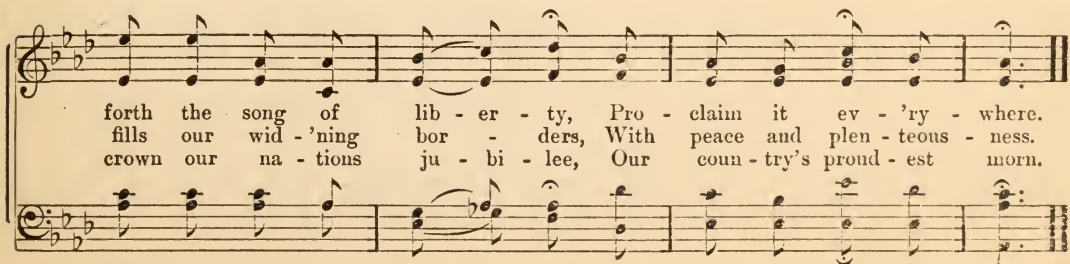


air, Peal forth the song of lib - er - ty, Pro - claim it ev - 'ry-
 bless, And fills our wid - 'ning bor - ders With peace and plen - teous-
 born, To crown our na - tions ju - bi - lee, Our coun - try's ju - bi -

Chorus.



where. Ev - 'ry - where, ev - - 'ry - where, Peal
 ness. Plen - teous - ness, plen - - teous - ness, And
 lee. Proud - est morn, Proud - est morn To



forth the song of lib - er - ty, Pro - claim it ev - 'ry - where.
 fills our wid - 'ning bor - ders, With peace and plen - teous - ness.
 crown our na - tions ju - bi - lee, Our coun - try's proud - est morn.

HE SHALL LEAD US.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHEBOLD.

"He leadeth us."—PSA. 124: 2.

S. C. HANSON.

1 Not by ma - ny arm - ed men Shall our foe be shak - en: Shall his for - ces be dis - may'd,
 2 How shall we with - out our Lord Dare to fight with er - ror: Weak and faith - less, hurt by sin,
 3 Some may trust in char - i - ois, And the ar - rows rat - tle: Some in hors - es, trained to scent

And his strong hold tak - en, Not from an - y wise on earth, Not from princely pow - er, Com - eth wis - dom,
 Beat - en down by ter - ror, But if God is with us, Sa - tan sorely wounded, Smit - ten to 3
 From a - far the bat - tle, But in our ex - trem-i - ty, Oh, the glad ap - pear - ing Of our Lord, who

Chorus.

con - eth strength, For the try - ing hour, He shall lead us, He shall lead us, He shall lead us
 swift re - treat, Im - po - tent on founded, God shall lead us, God shall lead us, God shall lead us
 lead - eth us, For - ward, noth - ing fear - ing, He shall lead us, He shall lead us, He shall lead us

et - er - more, And from vic - try on to vic - try, Till we reach the oth - er shore.

THE VOYAGER'S STAR.

MRS. L. W. LOWMAN.

1. Star of peace to wan-d'ers wea - ry, Bright the smiles that beam on me;
 2. Star of faith, when winds are mock-ing, All his toil he flies to thee;
 3. Star of hope gleams on the bil - low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee;

Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drear - y, Far, far at sea; Far, far at sea.
 Save him on the bil - low's rock - ing, Far, far at sea; Far, far at sea.
 Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea; Far, far at sea.

LAND OF LIGHT.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22: 5.

S. C. HANSON.

1. Oh, land of day a-cross the way, Oh, light on the beau-ti-ful shore, Its beams of gold would
2. My faith mounts up-on wings of hope, Far be-yond all tri-als of time, Where near the throne lov'd

I be-hold, And bask in its rays ev-er-more. Oh, land a-bove, sweet
ones, my own, Are sing-ing in the sun-bright clime. How sweet the song that

land of love, Blest home of the pure and the good; When shall I meet, in glo-ry greet My
floats a-long, 'Twill welcome me in-to the fold, Hap-py and free, soon shall I be, In the
When shall I see, for-ev-er be In the

LAND OF LIGHT. Concluded.

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Fine. Chorus.

D.S.

friends who are living with God? Sweet land of light,
cit - y with streets of gold.
beau - ti - ful land of light? Sweet land of light, serene and bright, Where falleth no shadow of night.

JESUS SPEAKING.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

R. M. OFFORD.

S. C. HANSON.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus speak - ing, Sin - ner now in love to thee, Hear, oh, hear him sweetly
2. Hear the voice of Je - sus speak - ing, Words of warn - ing speaks he now, Tell - ing thee of doom a -
3. By the un - told depth of sor - row In to which he sunk for thee; By the ag - o - nies he
4. By that ay - ful throne of judg - ment; By the nev - er end - ing woe, That must fol - low on the

say - ing, Wea - ry wan - d'rer come to me. La - b'ring toil - ing, heav - y la - den, He in -
wait - ing Hearts that ne'er to mer - cy bow. From the wrath so sure - ly com - ing, Sol - emn -
suf - fered, Dy - ing on the curs - ed tree; By his heart with an - guish bro - ken, As he
sen - tence, As in wrath he bids thee go; Be per - suad - ed, hear thy Sav - ior, Do not

JESUS SPEAKING. Concluded.

vites thee to his breast; Come to me, says he, in mer - cy, I will give you peace and rest.
 ly he bids thee flee, In his riv - en side there's shel-ter, And he cri - eth, Come to me.
 bore thy load of guilt; By the sin - a - ton - ing foun-tain Of the pre - cious blood he spilt.
 now so har dened be, Heed his win - ning words of mer - cy, Still he whis - pers, "Come to me."

Chorus.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - - sus, He a - lone can make you
 Come, poor sin - ner, come to Je - sus, He can shel - ter, on - ly
 Come, poor sin - ner, come to Je - sus, He will save thee if thou
 Wil - ful wan - d'r'er, come to Je - sus, While in love he call - eth

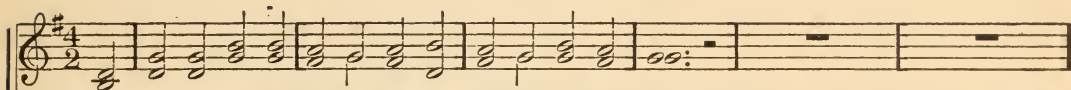
Come, come, come, come, come,

blest; Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, He a - lone can make you blest.
 he; Come, poor sin - ner, come to Je - sus, He can shel - ter, on - ly he.
 wilt; Come, poor sin - ner, come to Je - sus, He will save thee, if thou wilt.
 thee; Wil - ful wan - d'r'er, come to Je - sus, While in love he call - eth thee.

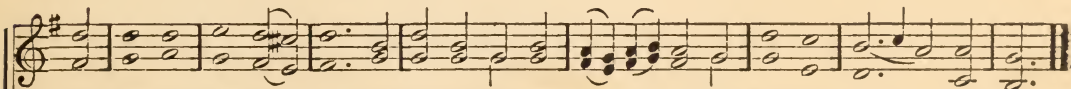
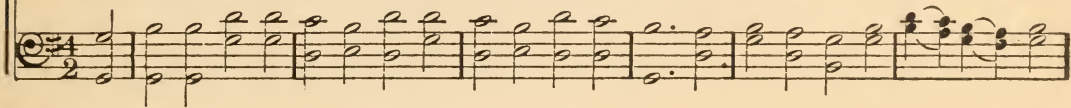
Come, come come, come, come,

STANDARD HYMNS AND TUNES.

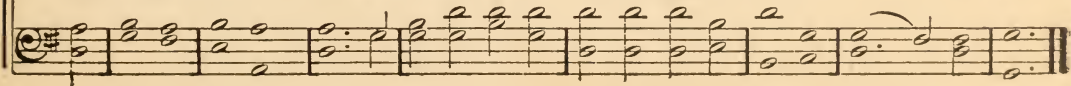
CORONATION.



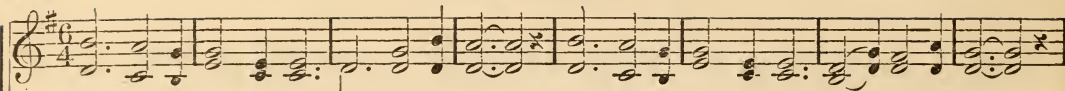
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,
2. Crown him, ye mar-tyrs of our God! Who from his al-tar call; Praise him who shed for you his blood,
3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To him all ma-jes-ty a-scribe,
4. Oh! that, with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song,



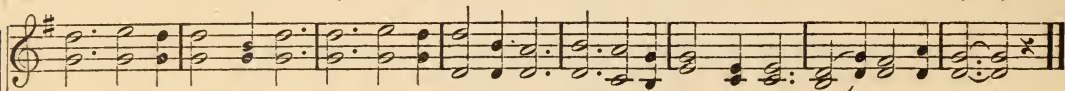
And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 And crown him Lord of all; Praise him who shed for you his blood, And crown him Lord of all.
 And crown him Lord of all; To him all ma-jes-ty a-scribe, And crown him Lord of all.
 And crown him Lord of all; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.



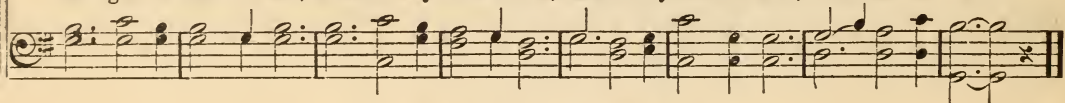
BETHANY.



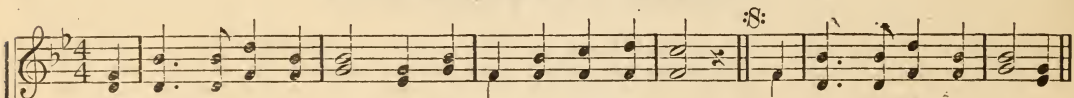
1. Near-er my God to thee, Near-er to thee: E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Dark-ness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heaven; All that thou send-est me In mer-cy given;



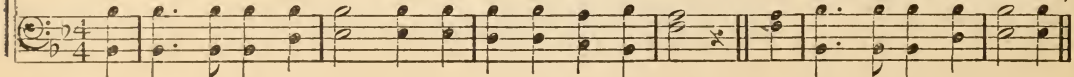
Still all my song shall be, Near-er my God to thee, Near-er my God to thee, Near-er to thee.
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er my God to thee, Near-er my God to thee, Near-er to thee.
 An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er my God to thee, Near-er my God to thee, Near-er to thee.



THE MORNING LIGHT.



1. The morn-ing light is break-ing; The dark-ness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are wak-ing
D. S.—Of na-tions in com-mo-tion,

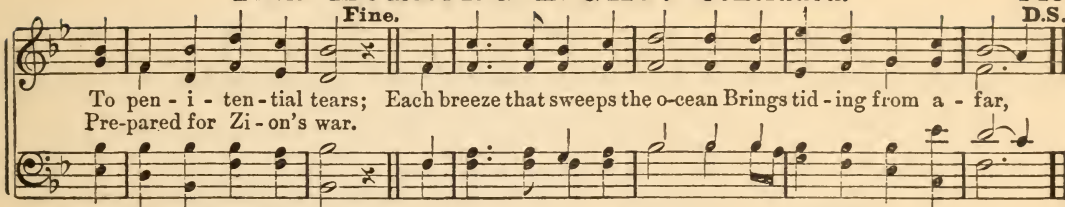


THE MORNING LIGHT. Concluded.

149

Fine.

D.S.



To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ing from a - far,
Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

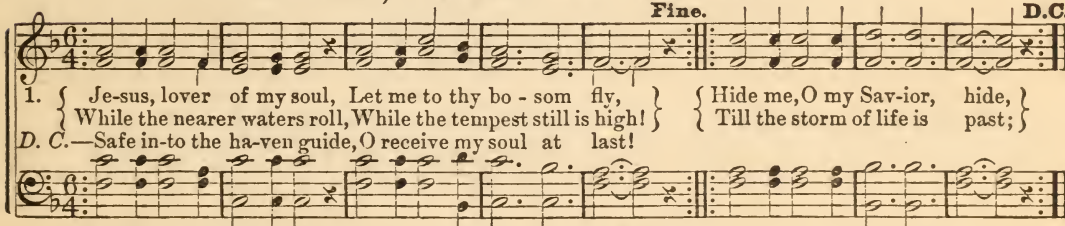
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Fine.

D.C.

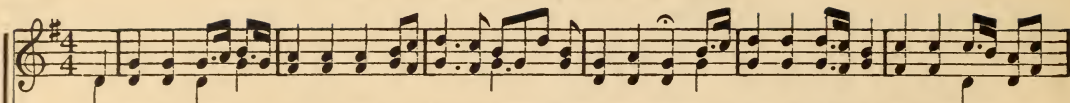


1. { Je - sus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high! } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C. — Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last!

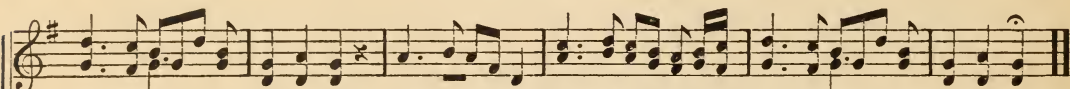
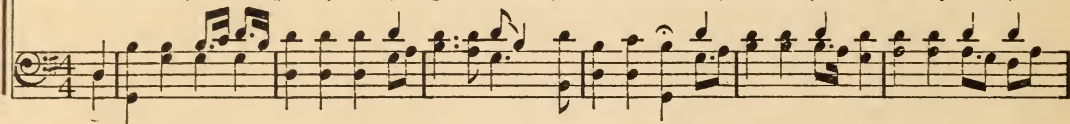
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

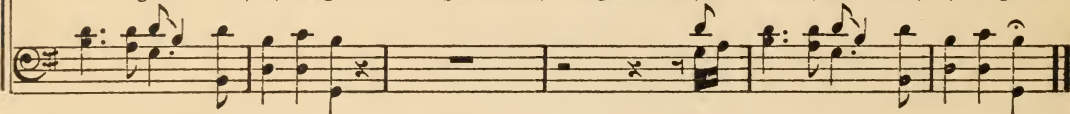
AWAKE, MY SOUL.



1. A-wake my soul in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He just-ly claims a song from me His
2. He saw me ru - in'd in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all; He saved me from my lost es - tate, His
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose, He safe-ly leads my soul a - long, His
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud, He near my soul has always stood, His

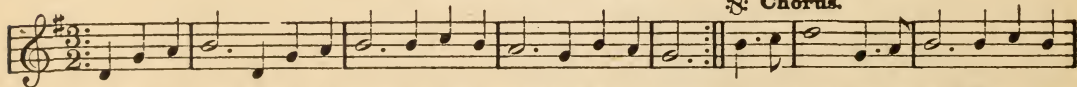


lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how free! Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how free!
 lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how great! Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how great!
 lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how strong! Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how strong!
 lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how good! Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how good!



HAPPY DAY.

♩ Chorus.



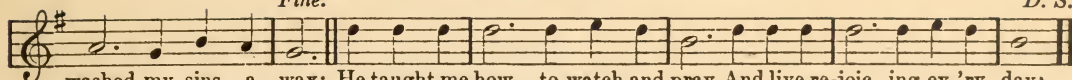
1. { O happy day that fixed my choice On thee, my Savior and my God! } Happy day, happy day, When Jesus
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Happy day, happy day, When Jesus

HAPPY DAY. Concluded.

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D. S.

Fine.

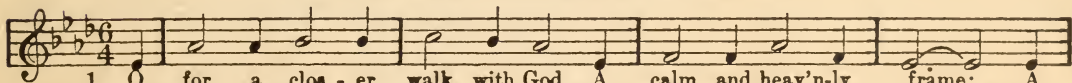


washed my sins a - way; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev-'ry day;
washed my sins a - way.

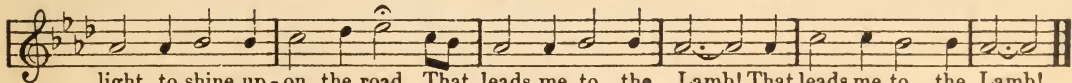
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

O FOR A CLOSER WALK.



1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame; A
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew; When first I saw the Lord? Where



light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
is the soul re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and his word? Of Je - sus and his word?

- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

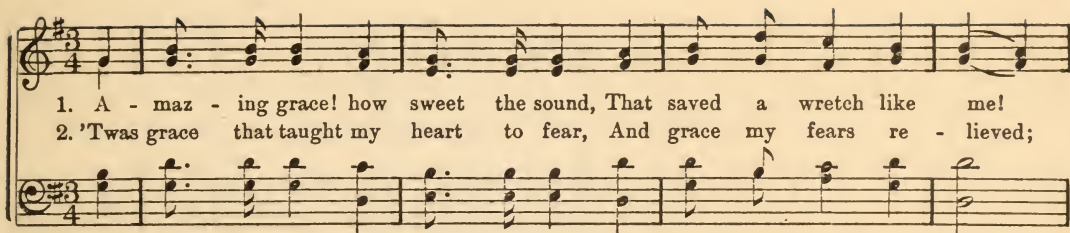
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

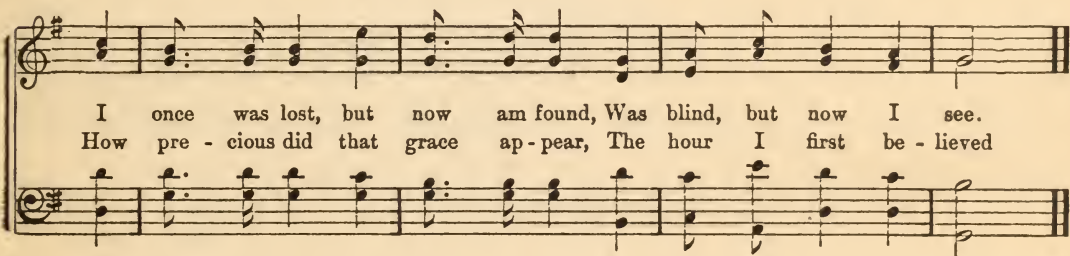
Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin!

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;
 'Tis all that I can do.



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be
 As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease;
 I shall possess, within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine,
 But God, who called me here below,
 Will be forever mine.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

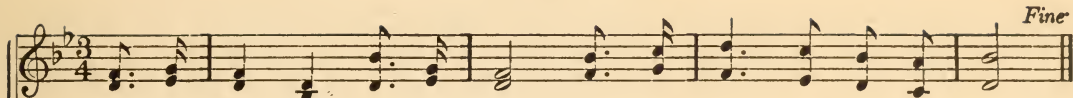
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged be-

Fine. **Refrein.** *D.S.*

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

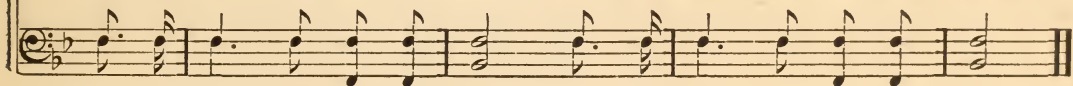
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



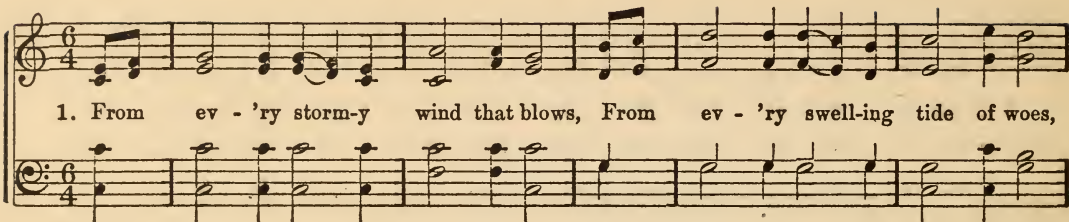
Let the wa - ters and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flowed,



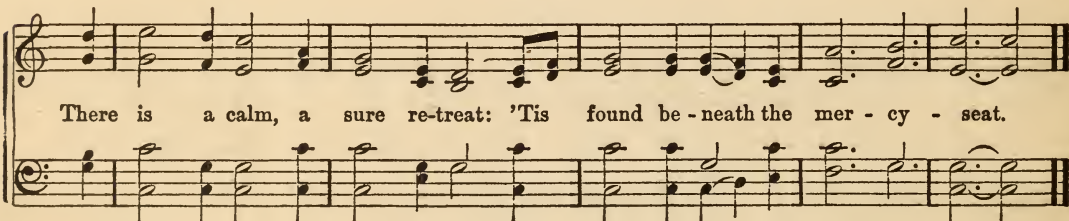
2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.



1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

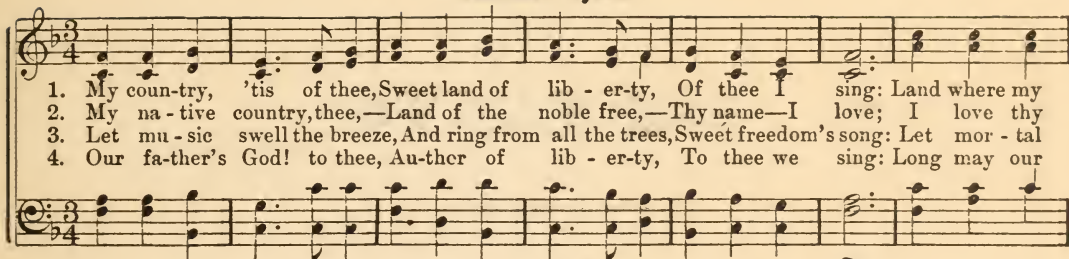
- 2 There is a scene where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

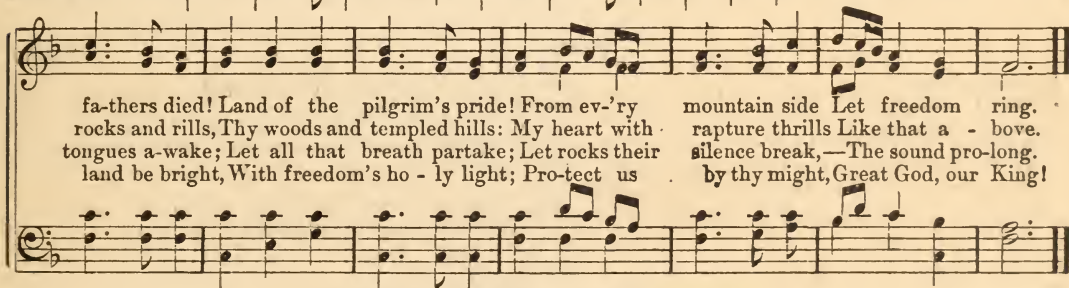
AMERICA.

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(National Hymn.)

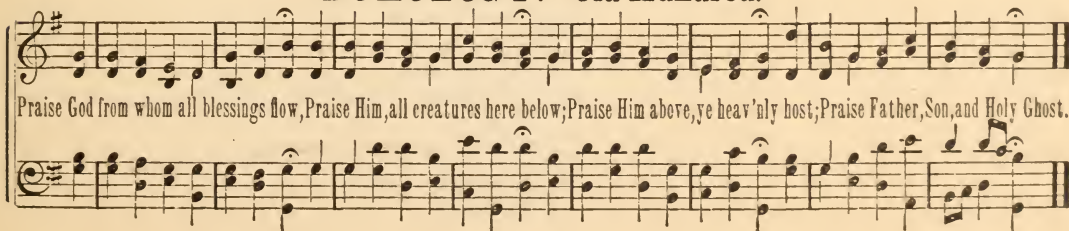


1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na - tive country, thee, — Land of the noble free, — Thy name — I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal
 4. Our fa - ther's God! to thee, Au - ther of lib - er-ty, To thee we sing: Long may our



fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev - 'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues a - wake; Let all that breath partake; Let rocks their silence break, — The sound pro - long.
 land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

DOXOLOGY.—Old Hundred.



Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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